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DÀN AN DEIRG,

AGUS

TIOMNA GHUILL

(DARGO AND GAUL).

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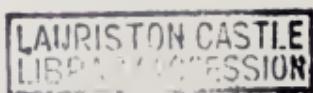
Two Poems,
FROM DR. SMITH'S COLLECTION, ENTITLED THE
SEAN DÀNA.

NEWLY TRANSLATED,
WITH A
Revised Gaelic Text, Notes, and Introduction,
BY
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CONTENTS.



	PAGE
PREFACE,	vii
INTRODUCTION,	xvii
LAY OF DARGO,	1
GAUL,	43
NOTES,	86

P R E F A C E.

IN translating the following poems, I have endeavoured to be as nearly literal as is consistent with the idiomatic differences between the two languages, and with a due regard to *rhythm*. My plan has been, first to ascertain the exact rendering of each line in the Gaelic, and then to turn the same into euphonious English ; so that those who are unacquainted with the former language may get a tolerably correct idea of the form, as well as the matter, of the professed original. I say “professed,” because the genuineness of the Gaelic text of these Ossianic collections is still disputed by many, and it is no part of my purpose to take part in the controversy ; nor do I wish to be understood as expressing an opinion either way, though I have thought it well to state, for the information of the general reader, the main arguments which have been adduced on both sides with regard to Macpherson’s *Ossian*. Should any critics see fit to maintain that Dr. Smith himself composed the whole or any considerable portion of the Gaelic, which he has given as the equivalent of his translation, I will not contradict them ; should they, however, assert that he did so *after* or *from* the said translation, I will be bold enough to

say that a careful comparison of the two has led me to an opposite conclusion. The specimens I have quoted from Dr. Smith's paraphrase, if read side by side with the literal rendering, will enable even an English student to form an opinion on this point; otherwise it would be obviously unreasonable for any one ignorant of Gaelic to pretend to judge—as much so, I presume, as for a man who knew no Greek to maintain that Pope's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were the originals from which a modern scholar had composed the poems ascribed to Homer. Assuming then the Gaelic text of the *Sean Dàna* (by whomsoever written) to be the original of the English version, I find in it a composition of unequal merit certainly, but containing enough of really good poetry and of interesting matter to make it worth presenting to the public in a more faithful translation than that of Dr. Smith, the demerits of which will, I trust, be clear from the citations I shall give in my Introduction. As to the text itself, I felt quite unequal to the task of reducing the orthography to any modern standard, except in the correction of a few manifest errors; but latterly, by the courtesy of Mr. Donald Macpherson, of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, I have been enabled to get this done for me, and I am glad to take this opportunity of thanking him for his kind services, without which this portion of my work must necessarily have been imperfect.

This edition is intended, first for the English reader, who, though ignorant of the original language, may still find interest in a translation, and in the matter contained in the Introduction and Notes ; secondly for students of Gaelic—now, as I believe, an increasing class, in consequence of the attention lately directed to Celtic literature. For their benefit I have inserted a few grammatical observations, such as I could myself have wished to have in a compendious form when first learning the language ; and these, with the aid of a good dictionary and grammar, will, I imagine, be found enough for all ordinary purposes. Lastly, I would fain hope that even Gaelic scholars, who need no such help, may yet condescend to regard my book with some interest, as an Englishman's attempt to do something to forward the study of their ancient language and literature ; and to such I respectfully commend the following pages, trusting that they will appreciate my intention, and excuse errors, from which I cannot presume to think that this work is entirely free, after all that I have done to avoid them. And here I desire to express my sincere thanks to the Rev. Dr. M'Lauchlan for his kindness in solving many of my difficulties ; though, as he has never seen my MS. entire, but only a selected list of passages which I submitted to him for explanation, he is in no way answerable for the general accuracy of my translation or remarks.

Although, as I have said above, I disclaim any intention of pronouncing upon the “Ossianic” controversy, I think it will not be out of place to state clearly the arguments on both sides, for the information of those who may not have studied the question; leaving it open to every reader to form his own conclusion. The objections to the authenticity of Macpherson’s *Ossian* I have taken from various sources, but a very fair *résumé* of them will be found in an article, entitled “Ossian Redivivus,” in the *Times* of October 14, 1869. The arguments on the other side are chiefly from Dr. Clerk’s Introduction to his edition of *Ossian*, 1870. It is objected—

1stly. That though there exist in the Highlands many old Gaelic ballads, which may be identified with portions of Macpherson’s *Ossian*, yet that nothing has ever been found at all like his professed Gaelic original, except Dr. Smith’s *Sean Dàna*, and a fragment of a poem called *Mòrdubh*, both of which appeared towards the end of the last century, first in English and afterwards in Gaelic.

2ndly. That the Gaelic given by Macpherson is certainly modern, and therefore cannot belong to the age he claims for it.

3rdly. That the internal peculiarities of his *Ossian*, especially as seen in the large number of similes and constant allusions to ghosts and stormy weather, mark

an essential difference from the authenticated ballads, which mainly consist of direct narrative and simple descriptions, and have very few similes ; and that all the above-mentioned characteristics of the English *Ossian* do occur in known productions of Macpherson, and notably in the *Highlander*, a poem written a few years before the publication of *Fingal*.

4thly. That much of the mythology in his book is not Gaelic, but Norse ; *e.g.*, the myth of Loda or Odin, of which the story of Cruth-Loduinn, in *Carrietura*, is a well-known instance. To this is added the fact that one of his earlier pieces is professedly a translation from the Norse, and is highly “Ossianic” in style.

Lastly. That (putting all these facts together) the probable conclusion is that Macpherson did really collect a mass of genuine materials, arranged them, and added matter of his own ; that he then published a paraphrase, which he called a “translation,” and that either before or after he made the said translation, he concocted a Gaelic equivalent, of which some lines are very likely genuine, but of which no one connected passage can be found in any authenticated Gaelic ballad.

To these objections the following facts are asserted by way of reply :—

1. A comparison of the Ossianic ballads with Macpherson’s *Ossian* suggests the conclusion that his was the original, and these were copies and amplifications of

it, since they exhibit many signs of modernness, and are extremely verbose in style. Also many portions of Macpherson's *Ossian* were well known in the Highlands at an earlier date, and are found in independent collections, *e.g.*, Cuchullin's Chariot, Ossian's Courtship of Evirallin, the Battle of Lora, Darthula, and many others, all which were rehearsed to Dr. Macpherson of Sleat in 1763. Malvina's Dream, and part of Ossian's answer to her, is found in Gillies' collection (1786), with only slight verbal differences from the narrative of the same in Macpherson's *Croma*. All these independent collections date from 1763 onwards, and precede the publication of the Gaelic *Ossian* (1807); and among them are some poems which appear in Macpherson's translation, but of which the Gaelic was never published by him.

2. Dr. Clerk admits that the "mere vocables" of the Gaelic text of *Ossian* prove nothing as to its date; because many old MSS. show very slight signs of difference from modern Gaelic, while some, on the other hand (as the *Book of Deer*), differ very greatly. But the syntax, he thinks, is certainly ancient, and he notes the seventh Duan of *Temora* as showing especial marks of age, hard consonants being used for soft, and the rule of *caol ri caol agus leathan ri leathan* being often disregarded.

3. The similes of *Ossian* are easy and natural, being

suggested by the features of the country in which he lived, as any one acquainted with a Highland landscape in all its varieties will readily acknowledge. Apparitions of ghosts, etc., have always formed an integral part of the belief of the Scottish people, and were specially regarded as able to give warning of impending calamities, in which character they mostly appear in *Ossian*. Moreover, there *are* many such similes and allusions in the ballads referred to (whatever may be said to the contrary), though it is admitted that a larger proportion of them exists in Macpherson's *Ossian* than is to be found in the ballads. As to the *Highlander*, it is not surprising that its language and imagery should resemble that of the English *Ossian*, seeing that both were the work of the same man within a few years of each other, and that his mind must have been imbued with ideas derived from the Gaelic ballads he was then collecting.

4. It is not denied that the Celtic and Norse mythology have much in common, or even that the former may have borrowed from the latter; the close relations between Scotland and Norway from the earliest times (represented in the Ossianic poems under the names of Morven and Lochlinn) being sufficient to account for this. The resemblance between the *Northern Tale* and the English *Ossian* is, for the reason alleged in the preceding paragraph, no more than might be expected.

5. To suppose that Macpherson composed the poems in English, and then made the equivalent, is in fact to charge many respectable witnesses with falsehood, since they declare that they did help him to translate the Gaelic MSS. Also his own imperfect knowledge of the language makes it impossible for him to have composed the Gaelic, and the very blemishes in the poems show that he took them down (often from ignorant reciters), and made no great attempt at arrangement.

Finally, those who know both languages will pronounce the Gaelic to be the original, *and it is clearly absurd for any one who is ignorant of Gaelic to pretend to judge.* It is therefore concluded that Macpherson, having first collected genuine MSS. (as is admitted by the other side), made from these his translation, which is very paraphrastic and often inaccurate, and published this first; and that the Gaelic text of 1807 is a faithful transcript of the materials he collected in MSS., which remained unpublished during his life, but were sent to his executor, John Mackenzie of the Temple, who handed them over to the Highland Society of London, by whom they were finally published eleven years after Macpherson's death.

The above is a brief but fair summary of the arguments on both sides of this celebrated controversy. It is unnecessary to repeat earlier objections, such as those of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Pinkerton, or Mr. Laing, all which

admit of easy refutation. The reader will see for himself where lies the strength and where the weakness in the answers given to the impugners of the authenticity of these poems. What the supporters of Macpherson have mainly to do is to disprove the statement that the known Gaelic ballads differ materially in style and character, as to the alleged particulars, from the Gaelic equivalent of his *Ossian*; or (failing this), to fall back upon the assumption, no longer capable of proof or disproof, that there once existed in his possession an unique MS. of *Ossian*, now for ever lost, but of which his own Gaelic text is a true copy.

The bearing of all this upon Dr. Smith's *Sean Dàna* and other similar collections, is as follows:—The upholders of Macpherson's *Ossian* may argue that here we have other independent collections of the same kind, all purporting to be the genuine productions of ancient bards, and that therefore the other side have to face the responsibility of including Dr. Smith and other respectable men in the same sweeping charge of falsehood and perjury. The reply would be, that there are in fact *only two* other specimens of the peculiar style of Macpherson's *Ossian*—the *Sean Dàna*, and the fragment of *Mòrdubh* in Gillies' collection (see above); that these were also published in English first and in Gaelic afterwards (therein showing a suspicious similarity to Macpherson's method); and that it is quite possible that

Dr. Smith may have imitated the conduct of his predecessor, being a sufficiently good Gaelic scholar to have composed the text for himself, either before or after his English version was made. At any rate I am here only transferring to the *Sean Dàna* assertions which have actually been made with regard to the more famous collection, and I desire to leave the decision of the whole matter to the judgment of an intelligent public.

INTRODUCTION.

THE two following poems, *Dàn an Deirg* and *Tiomna Ghuill*, stand first in a collection of ancient Gaelic poetry made by Dr. Smith, minister of Kilbrandon, in Argyllshire, and published in 1787, a translation having previously appeared in 1730. This book is commonly known by the title of *Scan Dàna*, or Ancient Poems. Dr. Smith's own account is that, being struck with the beauty of certain specimens which had escaped the diligence of Macpherson, he began to collect for his own amusement, and was induced to continue his search, and get together as many editions as possible, which his residence in Argyllshire enabled him to do. That, having compared these, he arranged the several incidents and episodes in what seemed to him to be the right consecutive order, rejecting such parts as were evidently spurious. His translation is avowedly rather a paraphrase than a literal rendering ; and he acknowledges that "a few lines are sometimes thrown in to join episodes together, and to prevent hiatus ;" such additions being chiefly supplied from "the *sgeulachds*, or traditional tales, which always accompany and explain the old Gaelic poems, and often remain entire when the poems are reduced to fragments." He thus professes to account for the wide difference, which no one can fail to notice, between the form of his translation and that of the Gaelic original ; but he observes further on that "some might be better pleased to have [the poems] in the bold and irregular manner in which they have been wont to hear them, which has a natural aptness to please the mind and to afford satisfaction."

With this last remark most readers will agree, and will consequently regret that Dr. Smith has thought it necessary to mar the simplicity of his professed original by so verbose and paraphrastic a rendering as that which he has given. From the specimens which we shall presently subjoin, it will be seen that he has in fact confounded the two very distinct offices of a translator and an expositor, by introducing into the translation matter which ought to have been placed apart in notes and appendices. Many of what he calls instances of "hiatus" are a necessary part of the style of these early heroic lays, in which the connecting links are often left for the imagination to fill ; and to supply these in words is simply to turn poetry into plain prose. Again, the variant readings, resulting from a comparison of different editions, Dr. Smith has translated continuously with his selected text, although in the Gaelic edition he has very properly put them in footnotes ; and as many of these readings are obviously *alternative*, they naturally fail, according to his arrangement of them, to produce the impression of a consistent whole. As to the *sgeulachds*, his own description of them is enough to show that they were never intended to form part of the text of the poems, however valuable may be the information they give in explaining the various incidents and allusions. There are also a few passages in which he appears to have misunderstood the Gaelic, or else to have had a different text before him from that which is given in his published edition. The truth of the above remarks may easily be determined by any English reader who will take the trouble to compare the following examples of Dr. Smith's rendering with the literal translation of the lines indicated in the poems.

Dargo, Part I., l. 9, foll. *San là ud*, etc. "Comhal sat on that rock, where now the deer graze upon his tomb. The mark of his bed are three gray stones and a leafless oak ; they

are mantled over with the moss of years." All this last sentence comes out of the single word *aosda*, which agrees with *daraig* only.

L. 47, foll. *A Dheirg sin*, etc. "Dargo climbed the mast to look for Morven, but Morven he saw no more. The thong broke in his hand, and the waves with all their foam leapt over his red wandering hair. *The fury of the blast drove our sails, and we lost sight of the chief.* *We lost sight of the chief,* and bade the ghosts of his fathers convey him to his place of rest." Here, besides the additions (shown in the italicised portions), we have a highly poetical apostrophe turned into a prosaic narrative. "Thou, Dargo, yonder upon the mast, etc., Morven thou shalt never see more," etc.; all which is rendered as if it were a matter-of-fact statement made by the narrator, instead of an address by Cual to the supposed ghost of his lost comrade.

L. 74, foll. *Tha Treunmor*, etc. (compared with the variant reading, *Cha 'n eagal*, etc.) "Often, O Dargo, did'st thou contend with a whole host, and still thy ghost maintains the unequal combat. But Trenmor shall soon come, etc." Here there is a mixture of the two readings. That in the text says, "Trenmor shall come with his sword," etc.; that in the note speaks of Dargo's valour in fighting with overwhelming odds against him; and these are alternative, not consecutive sentences.

Sometimes, by way of change, Dr. Smith omits or condenses a passage, so that many salient points of the original are quite lost. Thus, the four lines, 94-97, are not translated; and the beautiful simile in ll. 170-171 ("Like spectre-music," etc.) is replaced by the bare statement, "The bards praised her beauty."

Ll. 184, 185. *Bha uileann Dheirg*, etc. "But the eye of Dargo is bent downwards as he sits in the silence of his grief; his head rests on his arm over the dark edge of his father's

shield. *Cual observes the mournful chief; he observes his tears, dim-wandering through the bossy plain of his shield, and he turns his eye on Ullin*, that he may gladden his soul with the song.” Here, as before, the words in italics have no equivalent in the Gaelic, and Cual’s sudden appeal to the bard is turned into a direct statement of a fact.

After l. 203, *Fhuras gun chàil an òg-bhean*, are inserted the words, “Her blood was mixed with the oozy foam;” a remarkably unpleasing picture, and one of which there is no hint in the professed original. All the above instances occur in the first part of *Dargo*, and are only a few out of many that might be quoted. We will conclude this part of our subject by mentioning one or two passages of similar character from the *Gaul*. In l. 112 the exclamation, *A mhic Morna, slàn gum pill thu!* becomes, under Dr. Smith’s hands, “Safe be thy course, *rider of the foamy deep; when, my love, shall I again behold thee?*” In l. 360 the tender offer of Cri-sollis is rendered, “The breasts of Cri-sollis will supply her love. *I feel them full within*, and thou, my love, must drink. *For my sake thou must live, and not fall here asleep.*” Our last instance shall be from l. 390 of the same poem. Gaul is there saying that the traveller shall behold his tomb, and exclaim, “See where the son of Morni died!” to which his wife responds, “I also would die with my love.” This is given in the following form:—“(The stranger will say) ‘Here is all that remains of the mighty;’” and Evircoma is made to answer, with a sort of play upon Gaul’s words, “*And here too shall be all that remains of the fair; for I will sleep,*” etc. Could anything be in worse taste than this? In adopting this peculiar style, Dr. Smith was doubtless influenced by the older paraphrase of Macpherson, which, at the time it appeared, was unique of its kind; but he has much exaggerated the defects of that version, and his own rendering is by no means so readable.

The names of the other poems in this collection are :— *Dùn na Du-thuinn*, *Diarmad*, *Dùn Clainne Mhùirne*, *Cath-Luine*, *Cathula*, *Cath Mhanuis*, *Trathuil*, *Dearg mac Drui 'bheil*, *Conn mac an Deirg*, *Losga Taura*, *Cath-Lamha*, and *Bàs Airt*. Of these the *Dargo* has been deservedly celebrated, and is the subject of an ancient distich, which runs thus :—

“ Gach dàn gu Dàn an Deirg,
'S gach laoidh gu Laoith 'n Amadain Mhòir ; ”

implying that each of the two poems was the best of its class. The full title of the latter is, “ Laoidh an Amadain Mhòir 's a gaothair bhàin,” being the Lament of Umadh over his hound Gorban, in the *Manos* (*Cath-Mhanuis*). The *Gaul* is also noted, both for its intrinsic merits, and because of the celebrity of the hero. The concluding lines (523 to the end) acquired a special notoriety, and are literally translated in the *Edinburgh Review* (1805) in an article on the Report of the Highland Society upon the poems of Ossian. The authorship of the *Dàn an Deirg* is ascribed to Ullin, who professes to tell the story. The period, at any rate, suits his age better than that of Ossian, who (as Dr. Smith observes) must have been very young, if he were even born, at this time. Ullin is always mentioned by his successor in terms of high respect and veneration.

We append a few observations upon the *taibhse*, or ghosts, both on account of their forming so important an element in the machinery of these poems, and also because the number of such allusions, contrasted with the alleged rarity of them in genuine Gaelic ballads, is put forward as a strong argument by the impugners of the authenticity of Macpherson's *Ossian* (See Preface). Whatever may be the value of this objection as a matter of fact, it would at any rate seem *à priori* natural that a people dwelling amid scenery so constantly enveloped in cloud and mist should make them a frequent subject of

reference, especially when we remember that a superstitious imagination led them to invest these cloud-forms with the shape of their departed friends. Add to this the belief that the spirits of the dead continued to pursue, in airy guise, the occupations of their former life, and to take a lively interest in the fortunes of those whom they had left behind, and we have the information necessary for understanding most of the mythological allusions in the “Ossianic” poems, of which the two specimens in this volume afford abundant illustrations. A few only of the most prominent need here be specified.

Dargo I. 3 ; II. 192. The ghost of Crimina hovers around her late husband in his solitude ; so also Gaul (l. 535) is represented as “in his cloud,” listening to the warbling of the birds, and the songs of the maidens.

Dargo II. 32. The ghost of Morgan descends with a wound in his breast and a shadowy deer by his side.

Gaul 290. A phantom sailor is imagined to be pursuing his calling as in life.

Gaul 13. The ghosts give warning of Gaul’s fate, but are mistaken for hostile spectres, and driven away by the king.

Dargo I. 55. The hostile ghosts of Lochlinn are threatened with defeat by the hand of Trenmor, if they venture to attack Dargo.

Gaul 319. The spectres are enjoined to convey to Fingal the news of Gaul’s desolate condition.

Dargo II. 121. Crimina prays the ghosts to descend and welcome the spirit of Dargo into their company, and further (l. 171), to “catch her own dying breath.”

The remaining instances are of a similar character, and illustrate similar beliefs ; these the reader may easily discover and apply in their respective connections.

DAN AN DEIRG.

ARGUMENT.

CUAL, the father of Fingal, sailing towards Innisfail, is overtaken by a storm, and puts in for shelter at a rocky island. Here he meets with Dargo, one of his own warriors, who had been lost on a former voyage, and given up for dead. Dargo relates his adventures, and learns the death of his beloved wife, Crimora ; and to console him, Ullin is bidden to sing the Lay of Culda (*Dàn Chaoilte*). At early dawn the host of Lochlinn appears in sight, bound on an hostile expedition against Innisfail ; but by the aid of the Fingalians the enemy are routed, and Armor, the chief hero of Lochlinn, is slain. The lament over the dead warrior (*Tuireadh Armhoir*) terminates the first part of the poem.

The night is spent in feasting in the halls of Innisfail. During the banquet, Crimina, the wife of Armor, is discovered without, prostrate on the ground, lamenting her fallen lord. This introduces the episode of *Morglan and Minona*. Crimina is then treated by Cual with great kindness, and an offer is made to her of returning to her own land. Refusing this, she remains with the Fingalians, and gives her hand to Dargo in marriage. Sometime afterwards, Conan, one of the least reputable of the host, proposes to test her love for her new spouse. A boar having been slain, Dargo's cloak is steeped in its blood, and the chieftain himself is carried home as if dead. Crimina, believing such to be really the case, gives vent to her sorrow in a pathetic elegy (*Caoidh Chrimine*), and falls lifeless by Dargo's side. She is buried upon the shore beside his first wife, Crimora, and Dargo remains in solitude, disconsolate.

DAN AN DEIRG.

A CHEUD CHUID.

FEUCH Dearg 's an doire 'n a aonar,
 'S e 'g éisdeachd ri caoirean na coill' ;
 Feuch taibhse Chrimin' air cheò-tràghad !
 'S na féidh 'n an tàmh air Sgurr-éild' ;
 5 An sealgair na sléibh cha taoghaile.
 Tha Dearg a's a ghaothair brònach ;
 'S tha mise le d' sgeula fo mhulad,
 Tha mo dheòir a' sruthadh an còmhnaidh.

'S an là ud bha Cumhal nam buadh
 10 Le cheòl a's le shluagh air an leirg ;
 (Ge h-iosal fo chluainein an fhéidh
 An diugh an laoch treun ann am feirg,
 A leaba fo chòs nan clach,
 Am fasgadh na daraig aosda)—
 15 Bha laoich ri 'n sleaghan an taic,
 An sùilean glaiste 's an aghaidh aointe.
 Mòr-ghaisg an rìgh 's Innis-faile,
 Tra sguab iad an àrach le chéile,
 Shéinn am Bàrd ;—tra chunnas bàrca,
 20 'S i seòladh gu tràigh 'n a nial-éideadh.

CUMHAL.—“'S i long Innis-faile tha ann ;
 'S e lann a bhual am beum-sgéith' ud.*

* *Al.*—“'S a Crann-tàra suas ris na speuraibh.”

THE LAY OF DARGO.

—♦♦♦—
FIRST PART.

SEE Dargo in the woods alone,
 As he listens to the murmur of the forest ;
 See Crimina's ghost upon the misty shore !
 The deer are at rest on the Hill of roes ;
 5 The hunter frequents not the mountains.
 Dargo and his hound are sad ;
 I also am in grief at thy story,
 My tears are ever flowing.

On that day was Cual the glorious

10 With music and with his host upon the plain ;
 (Though low beneath the pasture of the deer
 To-day lies the hero, once terrible in wrath,
 His bed under the hollow of the stone,
 In the shelter of the aged oak)—

15 His warriors leaned upon their shields,
 Their eyes fast closed, their faces bending forwards.
 Of the prowess of the king and Innisfail,
 As they swept the battle-field together,
 Sang the Bard ;—when a bark was seen,
 20 Sailing cloud-mantled towards the shore.

CUAL.—“ It is the ship of Innisfail ;
 The blow of sword upon shield hath sounded the
 alarm of battle.*

* *Al.*—“ The Cranntara is lifted to the skies.”

Grad-leumaibh thar bàrra nan tonn,
Gu fonn an rìgh tha 'n a éiginn !”

25 'S bu gharbh an doinionn á deas,
A' gleachd r' ar siuil bhréid-gheal,
Tra thaom an oidhche 'n ar còmhdbail
Air cuan dòbhaidh nan tonn beucach.

CUMHAL.—“ Ciod am fàth bhi 'g udal cuain ?

30 A's eilean fuar nan geodha crom,
A 'sgaoileadh a sgiath 'n ar coineamh,
Gu'r dòn o dhoininn na h-oidhche.
Tha e crom mar bhogh' air ghleus ;
Tha e sèimh mar uchd mo ghaoil.
35 Caitheamaid an oidhche 'n a sgéith,
Ionad éibhinn nan aisling caoin !”
'S chualas a' chomhachag á creig ;
'S guth bròin 'g a freagairt á h-uaimh—
“ Guth Dheirg,” arsa Cumhal, “ 's e th' ann !
40 A chaill sinn 's a' chuan onfhach,
Tra phill sinn o Lochlann nan crann,
'S gach doinionn gu teann 'g ar léireadh.
Thog tuinn an cinn romh neoil ;
Dh' fhàs sléibhte-ceò air lear ;
45 'S a' mhuir sholach mholach stua'ghlas,
A' luasgadh o noir gu 'n ear—
‘ A Dheirg sin am bàrra nan crann,
Is fann an iall ris an d'earb thu ;
Mòr-bheinn cha 'n fhaic thu gu bràth !
50 Tha d'fhalt ànrach air tuinn 'g a luasgadh ;*

* *Al.*—“ Dh'fholuich tonna bàite uainn thu.”

Bound quickly o'er the crests of the waves,
To the land of the king who is in trouble!"

25 Boisterous was the storm from the south,
As it wrestled with our white spreading sails,
When the night poured down to meet us
On the stormy sea of roaring billows.

CUAL.—"Why toss we upon the deep?

30 Yonder is a cool islet with a winding bay,
Spreading its wings to welcome us,
As a refuge from the tempest of the night.
It is bent like a bow strung for action;
It is calm as the bosom of my love.

35 Let us pass the night in its shelter,
A pleasant place for gentle dreams!"
The owl was heard from its rock;
A voice of woe answered it from a cave—
"Tis Dargo's voice," said Cual,

40 "Whom we lost on the raging sea,
When returning from woody Lochlinn,
Every storm closely pursuing us.
The waves lifted their crests to the clouds;
Mountains of mist rose on the face of the deep;
45 Stormy was the sea with its dark green billows,
Tossing to and fro from east to west—
'Thou Dargo, yonder upon the mast's high top,
Weak is the thong to which thou trustest;
Morven shalt thou see no more for ever!

50 Thy streaming hair is tossing on the waves;*

* *Al.*—"The waves hid thy corse from us."

Is mòr do bheud, a dhoinionn !
 Togaibh, a thaibhse, leibh e !'
 Ach cha chual iad ar guth " (arsa Cumhal),
 " O 's dubhach, a laoich, do chòmhnaidh !

55 O thaibhse bho Lochlann nan crann,
 A lean sinn gu teann thar chuanta,
 Ma 's sibh tha 'g a choimhead an sàs,
 Ge lìonor, cha tâir sibh buaidh air.
 Thig Treunmor le dhoininn ro-ghairg,
 60 Gu 'r ruagadh 'n a fheirg mar fhoghnan mìn ;
 A's marcaichidh Dearn air iomall a sgéith,
 Le greadhnais gu clanna nan sòn.
 Cluinnear nuallan do bheoil,
 Ulainn, le seoid an àigh ;
 65 O 's aithne dhoibh uile d' eiginneach ;
 Innis gu'n tig Treunmor gun dàil."

ULANN.—“ Beannachd do d' anam a's buaidh,
 Ma 's carraig no uaimh do chòmhnaidh !

70 O ! 's deacair leinn fhad 's tha thu uainn,
 Aig taibhse Lochlann 's a' chuan dhòbhaidh !
 Ma 's e cath taibhse nan nial,
 No 'n iallach chruaidh tha 'g ad theanndach,
 Tha Treunmor a' teachd le lainn thana,*
 75 'S le sgéith alluidh g' am fuadach.
 Mar chròn-dhuilleach an daraich,
 Air a chrathadh le sranna-ghaoith fàsaich,

* *Al.*—“ Cha 'n eagal nach cum thu riu còmhrag,
 'S a liuthad fear mòr a ruaig thu.”

Great is the mischief thou hast wrought, O storm !
 Bear him, ye ghosts, along with you !'
 But they heard not our cry " (said Cual),
 " Gloomy, O hero, is thy dwelling !

55 O ghosts of woody Lochlinn,
 Who closely pursued us over the deep,
 If it be ye that hold him in bondage,
 Many though ye be, you shall not prevail.
 Trenmor shall come with tempest fierce and strong,
 60 To chase you in fury like the fine thistle-down ;
 On the skirt of his wings shall Dargo ride
 With joy to the children of the storm.
 The clear tones of thy voice shall be heard,
 Ullin, by the heroes exulting ;
 65 Well know they the sound of thy call ;
 Tell them that Trenmor comes without delay."

ULLIN.—" Blessings upon thy soul and triumph,
 Whether rock or cave be thy dwelling !
 70 O hard is our lot, while thou art far away
 With Lochlinn's ghosts upon the stormy sea !
 Whether thou battlest with the spectres of the
 Or cruel bonds afflict thee sore, [clouds,
 Trenmor is coming with his airy blade,*
 75 And with his terrible shield to banish them.
 Like the withered leaves of the oak,
 When it shakes in the whirlwind of the desert,

* Al.—" No fear that thou should'st yield to them in battle,
 So many mighty men hast thou put to flight."

Ruaigidh e 'n taibhse gu luath ;—
Beannachd a's buaidh leat an tràsa !” *

80 DEARG.—“ 'S gur ioghnadh leam féin do ràite,
Bhàird Chumhail ; 's nach b' e àbhaist
Laoich do thighe riamh gu'm fàgadh
Iad an caraid an uair gàbhaidh.”

Dh' aithnich Gealchas guth an Deirg ;
85 'S mar bu ghnàth leis air an leirg,
Rinn e miolaran, 's thug leum ghàbhaidh,
Le mòr aoibhneas ghios na tràghad.
Mar shaigheid o ghlacaibh an iughair,
Bha chasan a' siubhal nam barra-thonn ;
90 'S b' aite leis na mac na h-éilde
Dearg, 's e leum ri uchd a bhràghad.
'S chunnacas sodan na deise
Le solus bristeach nan reultan,
Mac-samhuil coinneamh nan càirdean,
95 An tra thàrlas doibh an céin-thir.

'S ni 'm bu chuimhne le Dearg ar loingeas,
Aig ro-mheud aighir 's a shòlais ;
Mur tugadh Gealchas air làimh e
Ghios na tràghad siar 'n ar còmhdhail.

100 CUMHAL.—“ 'S am beò dhut, a Dheirg, a chaill-
An cuan salach nan garbh-thonn ? [eadh]
'S ioghnadh do thèarnadh o'n bhàs,
A shluig le gànraich a suas thu !”

* *Al.*—“ Fois ann a d' uaimh dhuit an tràsa !”

The ghosts he shall swiftly pursue ;—
Blessing and glory be upon thee now !”*

80 DARGO.—“ I marvel in my soul at thy speech,
Bard of Cual ; sure, 'twas never the custom
Of the warriors of thy house to forsake
Their friends in the hour of peril.”

Galchas knew the voice of Dargo ;

85 And, as his manner was upon the field,
He raised the shout of joy, and with desperate leap,
Exulting he gained the shore.

As an arrow from the grasp of the bow,
His step skimmed the crest of the waves ;

90 More joyous than a young roe was Dargo,
As he leapt to his breast and neck.

The gladness of the pair was seen
By the starlight's twinkling beams ;
Such as is the embracing of friends,

95 When they meet in a strange land.

Dargo thought not of our ship
From excess of joy and gladness ;
But Galchas led him by the hand
Down towards the shore to meet us.

100 CUAL.—“ Art alive, O Dargo, who wast lost
In the raging sea of boisterous waves ?
Wondrous is thy escape from death's jaws,
Which rose tumultuous to swallow thee down !”

* *Al.*—“ Peace be to thee now in thy cave !”

DEARG.—“ Le tulgadh tuinn’ air mo luasgadh,

105 Bha mis’ an oidhch’ fhuar sin gu latha ;
 Seachd gealaich (’s gach aon mar bhliadhna)
 Le ’n tràghadh ’s le ’n lionadh chaidh tharam.
 Chaith mi ’n là ri mènran ciuil,
 Ag éisdeachd nuallain thonn a ’s ian ;

110 ’S an oidhch’ an tiamh-chòmhchradh thaibhse,
 ’G èala’ ’m fòill air eoin na tràghad.
 ’S neo-ghrad ’s an àite so ghrian,
 Is mall-cheumach triall na gealaich ;
 A rìgh, a Chumhail, cha b’ ioghnadh

115 Ge b’ fhaide gach mìos na bliadhna !—
 Ach ciod so aobhar ur bròin ?
 Chi mi ur deoir a’ sruthadh ;
 An e mo sgeul truaghs’ a dhùisg iad ?
 Is cruaidh leam gur cùis is dubhaich—

120 Nach beò Cri-móra mo ghaoil ?
 Og-bhean chaoin, tha mise dubhach,
 Bho chunnas thu seòladh nan nial,
 A dh’iadha mu sholus na h-oidhche,
 Tra dh’amhairec i nuas romh ’n fhrois

125 Air gnùis fhoisnich na doimhne.
 Chunnas i air chaochladh dreach,
 ’S a ciabha clearc a’ sileadh dheur ;
 Dh’ aithnich mi cruth mo ghaoil,*
 ’S an t-aobhar o’n chuan mu’n d’éirich.

* * * *

130 Nach truagh leat mis’, a Chri-móra ?

* *Al.*—“ Bha ’n aileachd na gruaidh mar sgriodan caochain,
 Tra sgaoileas e ’m feadan feuraich.”

DARGO.—“Tossed upon the rolling billows

105 From chill night to daylight I remained ;

Thus seven months (each one like a year)

With the tide’s ebb and flow passed over me.

My days I wore on with humming of songs,

Listening to the waves’ roar and the sea-fowls’ scream ;

110 And by night, ’mid the dreary converse of the ghosts,

I stole in pursuit of the birds of the shore.

Tardy in his course is this sun,

Slow-moving is the pace of the moon ;

O Cual, sure ’tis no wonder

115 Each month was longer than a year to me !—

But what mean these looks of sorrow ?

I see your tears streaming down ;

Is it my sad tale that moves you ?

Hard, methinks, and mournful is my lot—

120 Is Crimora, my love, no more ?

I am sad, O my gentle bride,

Since I saw thee floating on the clouds,

Which encircled the lamp of night,

As she looked downward through the shower

125 Upon the tranquil face of the deep.

I saw her, but her form was changed ;

Her radiant locks were dripping with the brine.

I knew the form of my love,*

And the reason why she rose from the waves.

* * * *

130 Dost thou not pity me, O Crimora ?

* *Al.*—“Tracks were on her cheeks, like the channels of the rills
When they spread through the green hollows of the glen.”

'M fàg thu am ònrachd an so mi ?—
 Chuairtich òigh-thaibhs' i le'n ceòlan,
 Mar ghaoith bhrònaich le 'n tuiteadh duilleach,*
 'S ni 'n cluinnteadh gaoir eoin no tuinne,
 135 'N fhad 's a rinn an ceòlan fuireach.
 'Thig leinn, a Chriù-móra, gun bhròn,
 Gu talla nan òigheana fial
 Far am beil Suilmhàlda le Treunmor,
 A' sealg féidh dhoilleir nan nial !'
 140 Chualas a h-osna leoin,
 'S i sealltuinn le bròn 'n a déigh ;
 Sguir an ceòl,—an taibhse thréig,
 'S dh'fhàg mise leam féin deurach.
 Amhuil tonn air tràigh leis féin,†
 145 'S am maraich ag éisdeachd o bhruth,
 Bha guth mo ghaoil 's i 'g am thréigsinn ;
 Mar aisling sealgair 's an éigh 'g a dhùsgadh.
 Chuir mise 'n an déigh mo ghlaodh ;
 Faoin mar uisge ri h-aonach,
 150 Mar smùdan faoin an coillidh fhàis,
 Dh'fhàg iad air sgeir mi am aonar.
 O'n òg-mhadainn gu dall-oidhche
 Mo chaoidh o sin cha do sguir.
 C'uin' a chi mi rìs thu, Chriù-móra ?
 155 Ri m' bheò bidh mise fo éislean ;

* *Al.*—“Mar chuilc ri crònan an gleann Caothan,
 Tra sgaoileas am fonn air sruthaibh fas,
 'S a dh'fhàsas gu ciuin ceum na duibhre.”

† *Al.*—

“ro dhoininn an cèin.”

Wilt thou leave me thus forlorn ?— [her,
 The maiden ghosts with their songs surrounded
 Like the wailing wind amid falling leaves,* [cry,
 No sound was heard of waves nor of the sea-bird's
 135 While that weird music lingered on.

‘ Come with us, Crimora—cease thy sadness—
 To the halls of the generous maidens,
 Where dwells Sulvalda with Trenmor,
 Chasing the shadowy deer of the clouds !’

140 The sigh of her distress was heard,
 As she cast a sorrowing glance behind her ;
 The strain ceased ; the ghosts vanished away,
 And left me in my anguish all alone.
 Like the wave on a desolate shore,†

145 When listens the mariner from his cave,
 Was the voice of my departing love ;
 As the hunter's dream when the cry of hounds
 I also sent after her my cry ; [awakes him.
 All in vain, like the torrent o'er the heath,
 150 Or as the lonely dove in the desolate wood,
 They left me on the rock forlorn.
 From early morn even to dark night
 Since then my mourning hath not ceased.
 When shall I see thee again, Crimora ?

155 All my life is numbed with sorrow ;

* *Al.*—“ Like the reeds that rustle in Cona's vale,
 When spreads the sound along the desert streams,
 And darkness with soft pace steals on.”

† *Al.*—“ Like the wave of the distant storm.”

Tha m' anam a' snàmh an ceò.
Innsibh an dòigh an d'eug i!"

CUMHAL.—“An sgeula truagh tra fhuair do
Tri làithean dh'i 'n a tosd gun ghean ; [bhean,
160 Air a cheathramh dh'iarr i 'n tràigh ;—
Fhuaras i féin an àit an fhir.
Mar shneachda 's an fhireach fhuar
Mar eal' air cuan na Lanna,
Fhuaras i le òighean a gaoil,
165 A theirinn o chaochain nan sliabh,
Le 'm mìn-bhas a' siabadh an deur,
'S le 'n osnaich a' séideadh an ciabh.
Le lic a's gorm-fhòid na tràghad,
Thog sinn àite-còmhnaidh do 'n mhnaoi ;
170 B' iomad òigh 's an là sin dubhach,
'S bu tiamhaidh 'g a cumha gach aor ,
Amhuil ceòl tannais ag éirigh
Air cuilc na Leige gu mall.
Ar leam féin gu'm b' aoibhinn a cliù,
175 B'e mo rùn e bhos a's thall.
Ach ciod so 'n solus an Innis-fàil,
O chrann-tàraidh an fhuathais ?
Togaibh ur siuil ; tàirnibh ur ràimh ;
Grad-ruithibh ar bàrc thar chuanta !”*

180 Shéid gaoth dhileas ar beann,
'S cha b' fhann ar buillean 'g a còmhnad ;
Sinn a' bualadh mullach nan tonn
'S gach sonn a's a shùil ri còmhraig.

* Al.—“Grad-ruithibh gu tràigh, is buaidh leibh !”

My soul is floating in a mist of woe.
Tell me how died my love ! ”

CUAL.—“When thy wife heard the tale of woe,
Three days passed over her in silent gloom ;

160 On the fourth she sought the shore ;—
In the place of her lord was she found.
Like snow on the chill highland moor,
Like a swan on Lanno’s wave,
She was found by the maidens of her love,

165 As they descended along the mountain rills,
With soft hands wiping away the tears,
And fanning their tresses with sighs.
With flagstone and green turf of the shore
There raised they thy wife’s last dwelling-place ;

170 Many maidens that day were in mourning,
Sad was each heart in lamenting her ;
Like spectre-music slow rising
From the reeds of Lego’s mere.
So methinks my own fame shall be glorious !

175 Such here and yonder is my desire.
But what means yon light from Innisfail,
From the terrible Cranntara shining ?
Hoist the sails ; ply the oar ;
Swiftly speed our bark across the sea ! ”*

180 A favouring breeze from our mountains blew ;
No feeble strokes were ours to the rescue,
As we smote the high crests of the waves,
And each warrior glares eager for the fray.

* Al.—“Haste towards the shore, and victory be yours ! ”

Bha uileann Dheirg air slios a sgéith',
 185 'S e sruthadh dheur a sìos r' a taobh.

CUMHAL.—“ Chi mi Dearg gu tiamhaidh tos-Ulainn nan teud, tog sprochd an laoich ! ” [dach ;

DAN CHAOILTE.

Ri linn Threunmhoir nan sgiath,
 Ruaig Caoilte am fiadh mu Eite ;
 190 Thuit leis daimh chabhrach nan cnoc,
 'S cho-fhreagair gach sloc d'a éighe.
 Chunnaic Mìn-bheul a gaol,
 'S le curach faoin chaidh 'n a dhàil ;
 Shéid osna choimheach gun bhàigh,
 195 'S chuir i druim an àird air a bàrca.
 Chualas le Caoilte a glaodh—
 “ A ghaoil, a ghaoil, dean mo chòmhlnadh ! ”
 Ach thuirling dalla-bhrat na h-oidhche,
 'S dh'fhàilnich a caoidh-chòmhradh.
 200 Mar fhuaim sruthain an cén,
 Ràinig a h-éigh gu chluasan ;
 'S air madainn an onfha na tràghad,
 Fhuardas gun chàil an òg-bhean.
 Thog e 'n cois tràghad a leac,
 205 Aig sruthan bròin nan glas-gheugan ;
 Is eòl do'n t-sealgair an t-àite,
 'S mòr a bhàigh ris an teas na gréine.
 'S bu chian do Chaoilte ri bròn,
 Feadh an lò an coillteach Eite ;

Dargo's elbow leaned upon his shield,
 185 While his tears streamed sidelong down.

CUAL.—“I see Dargo all silent and sad ; [soul !”
 Ullin of the strings, raise thou the hero's drooping

LAY OF CULDA.

In the days of Trenmor of the shields
 Culda pursued the deer on Etha's shore ; [fell,
 190 By his hand the antlered bucks of the mountain
 The hollow dells re-echoed his cry.
 Minvèla espied her love,
 And in light skiff flew to meet him.
 Cruel and pitiless blew the blast,
 195 And the bark keel-upward turned.
 Her cry was heard by Culda—
 “ My love, my love, lend me aid ! ”
 But the dark pall of night descended,
 And fainter grew the voice of her wailing.
 200 Like the echo of distant streams,
 Her sad cry reached his ears ;
 And at morn on the storm-lashed shore
 All lifeless was found the young bride.
 Near the shore he raised the stone,
 205 By murmuring rills of the leafy glade.
 Well the hunter knows the spot,
 In the noontide heat he loves it well.
 Long time did Culda mourn,
 All day long in Etha's groves ;

210 'S fad na h-oidhche chluinnteadh a leon,
 Chuireadh e air eoin an uisge déisinn.
 Ach bhual Treunmor beum-sgéithe,
 Le laochraidh bu treun Caoilte ;
 Uigh air n-uigh phill a ghean,
 215 Chual e chliù, a's lean e 'n t-sealg.

DEARG.—“ Leam 's cuimhn' ”, arsa Dearg, “ an
 Mar aisling chaoin a chaidh seach, [laoch,
 Tra stiùir e gu h-òg mi aig Eite,
 'S a fhliuch a dheur-shùil an leac.

220 'Ciod fàth do thuiridh, a Chaoilte ?
 C'uim' am beil d' aos-chiabha snidheach ?
 Freagradh do sid bheireadh Caoilte,
 'Tha mo ghaol fo'n fhòid so 'n a laidhe.'
 —A Chaoilte snaidh dhomhsa bogha !—
 225 'S ann fodha so tha mo ghaol-sa.
 O dean an t-àite so thaoghal,
 Mar roghainn o ruith an aonaich !'
 'S na dh'iarras, a Chaoilte, thugas ;
 Do chumha bu tric ann am òran.
 230 Na'm biodh mo chliù-sa cho mairionn,
 A's mi le m'leannan 's a' cheò ud ! ”

CUMHAL.—“ Is dearbh leam gu'm bi sin mair-
 Arsa Cumhal bu chaoin labhairt ; [ionn,”
 “ Ach cò sid le 'n sgiathan gàbhaidh

235 Toirt a sholuis o'n cheud fhàire ?
 Sloigh Lochlann, ma's maith mo bheachd,
 A' cuartach' Innis-fàile le 'm feachd,

210 And all night was heard his distress,
Till the sea-fowl grew weary of his cry.
But Trenmor smote the shield for battle,
And mighty was Culda amid the warrior host ;
By degrees his spirits returned,— [chase.
215 He heard the sound of his fame, and pursued the

DARGO.—“ I remember,” said Dargo, “ the hero,
As a pleasant dream that is past and gone,
When he led my youthful steps by Etha’s side,
And his tearful eyes moistened the stone.

220 ‘ Why mournest thou thus, O Culda ?
Why are thy aged locks wet with tears ?’
To this would Culda reply,
‘ Under this turf rests my love.’
—Culda, shape me a bow !—
225 ‘ Beneath (he cried) my own love doth lie,
O let this spot be thy haunt ;
Here after the chase choose thy rest !’
What thou askedst, Culda, was granted ;
Thy sad tale was often in my song.
230 May my own fame be lasting as thine,
When I am with my love in yon clouds !”

CUAL.—“ Sure I am it shall be everlasting,”
Said Cual in soothing tones ;—
“ But who are they yonder with terrible shields,
235 Reflecting the light of the early dawn ?
Methinks ’tis the people of Lochlinn,
Surrounding Innisfail with their host,

'S an rìgh bho àrd-uinneig stuadhaich
 Ag amharc oirnn a chàirdean buadhach.

240 Chi e sinn romh dheoir, mar cheò,
 Ach thuit na deoir, a's chi e 'n seòl ;
 Tha aighear a' brùchdadhl 'n a shùil ;—
 'Tha Cumhal am fagus le shiuil !'
 Feuch Lochlann a nuas 'n ar còmhddhail,—

245 'S Armor rompa mar dhamh cròice ;
 Air tràigh Eirinn a làmh (ge bras)
 Mise dh' fhuasgail o theann ghlais.
 Càireadh gach aon air a leis
 A lann għlas, gu tràigh 's e leumnaich ;

250 Cuimhnicheadh gach aon a thapadh,
 Is mòr-ghaisge laoich na Féinne.
 Sgaoil, a Dheirg, do sgiath leathan !
 Tarruing, a Chaoirill, do gheal-chlaidheamh !
 Crath, a Chonaill, do chraosnach,

255 A's séinn, Ulainn, dàn cath-Baoisge !"

Choinnich sinn Lochlann, 's cha b'agh dhuinn.
 Sheas iad romhainn gu daingean làidir,
 Mar an darag air uchd Mheall-mhoir,
 Nach lùb air àilghios na garbh-ghaoith.

260 Chunnaic Innis-fàil sinn 'g ar sàrach',
 Bhrùchd iad gun dàil gu'r còmhndadh.
 Sgapadh an sin Lochlann o chéile ;
 Shearg gach geug a bha beò dheth.
 Choinnich Armor 's rìgh Innis-fàile,

265 'S ma choinnich bu ghàbhaidh an iomairt.
 Sleagh an rìgh chaidh 'n uchd a mhòr-fhir,

And the king from his cloudy window
Upon us his brave friends looks down.

240 Through his tears as a mist he beholds us,
But his tears fall, and he sees our sail ;
Gladness bursts from his eyes ;—
'Cual (he cries) with his ships draws near.'
See ! Lochlinn comes down to meet us ;

245 Before them goes Armor like a mountain deer,
Whose hands on Erin's shore (rash the deed !)
Myself once loosed from the tight thongs that bound
Let each warrior now gird upon him [them.
His blue-gleaming steel, and leap to shore ;

250 Let each one remember his prowess
And the mighty deeds of Fingal's sons.
Spread, Dargo, thy broad shield !
Draw, Carrill, thy glittering sword !
Brandish, Connal, aloft thy spear,

255 And sound, Ullin, the joyous battle-strain !"

We met Lochlinn, nor was it joy to us—
They stood before us in firm ranks and strong,
Even as the oak on Malmor's height,
That bends not to the blast's imperious will.

260 Innisfail beheld our distress,
And swift rushed forth to the rescue.
Then was Lochlinn scattered abroad ;
Each living branch of theirs was withered.
Armor met the chief of Innisfail,

265 And dire was the conflict of their meeting.
The king's spear pierced the hero's breast,

Cha 'n fhoghnadh a sgiath d'a tiughad.
 Ghuil Lochlann a's Innis-fàil,
 A's ghuil na bha làth'r de'n Fhéinn' ;
 270 A's shéinn am bàrd gu ro-thùirseach,
 Tra chunn' e gun deò cheann-feadhna.

TUIREADH ARMHOIR.

Bha d' àirde mar dharaig 's a' ghleann,
 Do luas mar iolair nam beann, gun gheilt ;
 Do spionnadh mar osann Loda 'n a fheirg,
 275 'S do lann mar cheò Léige gun leigheas.
 O ! 's moch do thuras gu d' neoil,
 Is òg leinn, a laoich, a thuit thu !
 Co dh'innseas do 'n aosda nach beò thu,
 No co do d' òg-mhnaoi bheir furtachd ?
 280 Chi mi d' athair fo éire aois',
 Gu faoin an dòchas ri d'thigheachd ;
 A làmh air a shleagh 's i air chrith,
 'S a cheann liath lom, mar chritheach 's an t-sìn.
 Meallaidh gach neul a dhall-shùil,
 285 'S e 'n dùil gu'm faic e do bhàrca.
 Thig deò gréin' air aghaidh aosda,
 'S a ghlaodh ri òigridh—"Chi mi 'm bàta!"
 Seallaidh a chlann a mach air lear,
 Chi iad an ceathach a' seòladh.
 290 Crathaidh esan a cheann liath ;
 Tha osna tiamhaidh 's a ghnùis brònach.
 Chi mi Crimìn', a's fiamh-ghàir' oirr',
 A' saoilsinn bhi air tràigh 'g ad fhaicinn.
 A bilidh 'n a suain a' cur fält' ort,

Nor did his shield suffice to aid him.
 Then wept Lochlinn and Innisfail,
 And wept the remnant of Fingal's sons ;
 270 And the bard sang a dirge of mighty wailing,
 When he saw the chieftain lifeless.

LAMENT OVER ARMOR.

Tall wert thou as the oaks of the valley,
 Dauntless thy speed, like the mountain eagle ;
 Thy strength as the blast of Loda in his fury,
 275 Deadly thy blade as the mist of Lego's mere.
 O early is thy flight to the clouds !
 Too soon for us, O hero ! art thou fallen.
 Who shall tell thy aged sire thou art no more,
 Or who to thy young wife bring comfort ?
 280 I see thy father bowed with the weight of years,
 All in vain expecting thy coming.
 His trembling hand leans upon the spear,
 His gray bare head is like an aspen in the blast.
 Each cloud deceives his dim eye,
 285 As he watches expectant for thy ship.
 A beam of joy plays on his aged face,
 And he cries to the young ones—"I see the boat !
 The children look out upon the sea ;
 Nought but the sailing mist do they behold.
 290 He shakes his gray head ;
 Mournful is his sigh, and his face is sad.
 I see Crimina ; a smile is on her face,
 As she thinks to see thee upon the shore.
 Her lips in sleep oft salute thee,

295 'S i le gàirdeinean ait 'g ad ghlacadh.
 Och ! òg-bhean, 's faoin do bhruadar ;
 An t-uasal gu bràth cha 'n fhaic thu !
 Fad o dhachaidh thuit do ghràdh,
 An Innis-fàil fo smal tha mhaise.

300 Dùisgidh tus', a Chrimine,
 'S chi thu gu'n robh d' aisling mealltach,
 Ach c'uin' a dhùisgeas esan o shuain,
 No bhios cadal na h-uaighe criochnaicht' ?
 Fuaim ghaothar no buillean sgiath

305 Cha chluinnear 'n a chriadh-thigh caol ;
 'S a dh' aindeòin gach iomairt a's seilg,
 Caidlidh 's an leirg an laoch.
 A shìl na leirg', na feithibh an treun !
 Guth sèimh na maidne cha chluinn e ;

310 'S a shìl nan sleagh, na h-earbaibh á chòmhnhadh !
 Cha dean éighe-còmhraig a dhùsgadh.
 Beannachd air anam an laoch !
 Bu gharg fraoch ri dol 's gach greis.
 Ard-righ Loi'eann, ceann an t-sluaigh,

315 'S iomad ruaig a chuireadh leis !
 [Bha d' àirde, etc.]

Chriochnaich sinn a chaol-chòmhnaidh,
 'S dh'imich a shlèigh thar tuinn.
 Bha fuaim an òran tiamhaidh tinn,
 'S bu mhuladach air linne an croinn.

320 B' amhuil am bròn a's fead an aonaich,
 An cuiseig fhaoin nan gleanntai fàsa,
 Tra shéideas an osag an ula nan tuama,
 'S an oidhche mu 'n cuairt doibh sàmhach.

295 And with glad arms she seems to clasp thee.
 Ah ! young wife, vain is thy dream ;
 Thy valiant one shalt thou see no more !
 Far from his home hath fallen thy love,
 'Neath the dust in Innisfail his beauty lies.

300 Soon thou shalt awake, O Crimina,
 And shalt see 'twas a fond deluding dream.
 But when shall *he* wake from his slumbers,
 Or the sleep of the tomb be ended ?
 No cry of hounds nor smiting of the shield

305 Shall be heard in his narrow house of clay ; [him,
 And though each conflict and chase rage around
 The warrior still shall sleep beneath the plain.

Children of the field, wait not for your hero !
 The morning's gentle voice he shall not hear.

310 Sons of the spear, trust not to him for aid !
 The sound of the battle-cry shall wake him never.

Blessing be upon the hero's soul !
 Fierce in each hour of combat was his wrath.
 King of Loighean, chief of the host,

315 Many vanquished foes hath he put to flight !
 [Tall wert thou, etc.]

We finished his narrow dwelling,
 And his people departed over the waves.
 The strain of their song was plaintive and sad,
 And heavy were their nodding masts upon the sea.

320 Their dirge was as the sighing of winds o'er the
 Among the slender reeds of the lonely glen, [heath,
 When blows the breeze amid the grass of the
 And the night all around is still. [tomb,

AN DARA CUID.

Mar ghath soluis do m' anam féin,
 Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh'fhalbh ;
 Mar ghathan soluis air aonach aoibhinn,
 'S gach ceum mu'n cuairt doibh dorcha.

5 Ach 's dlù an aoibhneas do bhròn,
 A's dubhar a' cheò 'g an ruagadh ;
 Ni e greim orr' air sléibhteann àrd,
 'S bidh na gathanna-gràidh air am fuadach.
 Is amhuil, mar sholus romh neul,
 10 Gu m' anam thig sgeul an Deirg ;
 Mac-samhuil an cath an Fhir-mhòir,
 M' anam mar sheòl 's an doininn fheirgich.

An talla stua-ghlas Innis-fail,
 Chaith sinne mar b' àbhaist an oidhche.

15 Chaidh 'n t-slige 's an t-òran mu'n cuairt,
 'S cha bu dual duinn bhi gun aoidheachd.
 Glaodhan bròin uair seach uair
 Thàinig gu'r cluais air sgiath na gaoithe ;
 Dh'iarr Ulann a's Sùil-mhaith mu'n cuairt,
 20 Chunnas Crimìn' aig uaigh an laoich.
 'N uair a thuit a h-Armor 's an truid,
 Thuit ise fo dhubhar géige :
 Ach shnàig i 's an oidhche gus uaigh.
 Rinn i leaba gun luadh ri éirigh.

SECOND PART.

As a beam of light to my soul,
 Are the tales of bygone years ;
 Even as beams of light upon the gladdened heath,
 When the track all around is dark.

5 But joy is a neighbour of sorrow,
 And the darkness of the mist pursues them.
 On the mountain tops they may not long abide,
 Soon the lovely beams are chased away.
 Thus as a light through the clouds,
 10 Came the tale of Dargo to my soul.
 Even thus amid the fray of Fermor's fight [storm.
 My soul was as a sail that braves the furious

In the gray-columned hall of Innisfail
 We spent, as we were used, the night.

15 The shell and the song went round ;
 Never was it our wont to lack good cheer.
 When lo ! a voice of wailing
 On the wings of the fitful breeze reached our ears.
 Ullin and Sulma searched around ;—
 20 Upon her hero's grave was Crimina seen ;
 For when in the fray brave Armor fell,
 She also sank beneath the bough's dark shade ;
 And by night she crept to the tomb.
 There made she her bed, as never more to rise.

25 Thog sinn leinn i gu fòil,
 Le 'r n-osna-bhròin a' freagairt d' a caoidh ;
 A's thugas i gu teach Innis-fàil ;—
 Bu tiamhadh dh'fhàg sid an oidhche !
 Ghlac Ulann fa dheireadh chruit-chiùil,
 30 'S gu ciùin farasda fòil,
 Dh'iarr e, feadh torman gach teud,
 Ceòl eug-samhuil le mheoir.

SGEULA MHORGLAIN A'S MHIN'ONN.

Cò so tùirling o'n cheò,
 'S a' dortadh a leoin air a' ghaoith ?
 35 O ! 's domhainn a' chreuchd tha 'n a chliabh,
 'S is doilleir am fiadh ud r' a thaobh !
 Sid taibhse Mhòrghlain na mais',
 Triath Shli'-ghlais nan ioma sruth ;
 Thàinig e gu Mòr-bheinn le ghaol,
 40 Nighean Shòra bu chaoine cruth.
 Thog esan ri 'r 'n aonach gun bhàigh,
 A's Mìn'onn dh'fhàg e 'n a tigh.
 Thùirling dall-cheò le oidhche nan nial,
 Dh'éigh na sruthai, shian na taibhse.
 45 Thug an òg-bhean sùil ris an t-sliabh,
 A's chunnacas lè fiadh romh'n cheò ;
 Tharruing i'n t-sreang le rogha beachd ;—
 Fhuaras an gath an uchd an òig !
 Chàirich sinn 's an tulaich an laoch,
 50 Le gath a's cuibhne 'n a chaol-tigh ;*

* *Al.*—Le gaothar ea-trom gu fiadhach cèò.

25 Gently we lifted her up,
 With sighs of woe and sad responsive cry ;
 And we bore her to the house of Innisfail ;—
 Mournfully that night wore on and passed away !
 At last Ullin seized his harp,

30 And in soft and solemn tones
 He sought in each murmuring string
 With his fingers a matchless strain.

TALE OF MORGLAN AND MINONA.

Who is this that descends from the clouds,
 And pours upon the wind his piteous tale ?

35 Ah ! deep is the wound within his breast,
 And dim is yonder deer beside him !
 'Tis the ghost of beauteous Morglan,
 Lord of Sliglas of many streams ;
 To Morven came he with his love,

40 Sora's daughter of delicate form.
 All heedless to the moor he hied,
 And left Minona in the house alone.
 The blinding mist with night came down,
 Loud roared the torrents, shrieked the ghosts.

45 The maiden raised to the hill her eyes,
 Through the mist a deer she espied ;
 She drew with her best aim the string ;—
 In her young lord's breast the shaft was found !
 We laid the warrior beneath the green knoll,

50 With spear and deer-horn in his narrow house ;*

* *Al.*—With his nimble hound to chase the shadowy deer.

B'ail le Mìn'onn laidh' f' a fhòid,
 Ach phill i gu brònach dhachaidh.
 Bu trom a tùirse 's bu chian ;
 Ach sruth bhliadhnaí għlan uaip' e ;
 55 'S tha i nis subhach le ðighean Shòra,
 Mur cluinn tear a bròn air uairibh.

[Cò so tùirling, etc.]

Ar leam gu'n do shoillsich an là,*
 Arsa Cumhal na h-àbhaist féil,
 "Gabh, Ulainn, do dheagh long,
 60 'S thoir an ðigh gu fonn féin ;
 'S gu'n dealradh i rìs mar a' ghealach,
 Tra sheallas i farasd' o neulaibh !"

CRIME.—“Mile beannachd orts', a Chumhail,
 Fhir a chuidicheadh gach feumach !
 65 Ach ciod a dheanams' am thir féin,
 Far an dean gach ni mo léireadh ?
 Gach doire, gach coire, 's gach eas,
 Bheir am chuimhne cneas mo ghràidh ;
 B' fhearr a bhi le d' ðighean féin,
 70 O 's mòr am féile 's am bàigh !
 An sin an ðigridh nach b' fhiù leam
 Cha 'n fhaic mo shùilean na 's mò,
 'S ma their aon diu—‘C'ait am beil d' Armor ?'
 Cha chluinn mi gu bràth an còmhradh !”

* *Al.*—Air Innis-fail 'n a chiar-dhubh éideadh.

Beneath that turf Minona fain would lie,
 Yet she returned in sadness homewards.
 Heavy was her grief and long ;
 But the stream of years purged it at length away ;
 55 And now with Sora's maidens she rejoices,
 Though at whiles her lament is heard.

[Who is this, etc.]

At the first dawning light of day*
 Thus outspake the generous Cual,
 "Take, Ullin, thy trusty ship,
 60 And bring to her own land the maiden,
 Once more to be glad, even as the moon,
 When with calm face she beams through the clouds!"

CRIMINA.—"A thousand blessings on thy head,
 O Cual,
 Thou that ever helpest in time of need!
 65 But what should I do in my own land,
 Where all things would but cause me pain ?
 Each grove, each dell, each waterfall,
 Of my love's dear form would remind me ;
 Far better with thine own maids to dwell,
 70 So generous and kind are ye all !
 Then the youths whom I once set at nought
 My eyes shall behold never more ;
 And if one exclaims—'Where is thy Armor ?'
 Their speech shall I never hear !"

* *Al.*—Upon the dark-shrouded land of Innisfail.

75 'S thug sinne leinn Crimìne,
 'S thug sinn a bas mhìn do Dhearg.
 Ach ge b'fhuranach ar n-òighean,
 Bha i brònach leo air uairibh.

* * * *

Chuala gach easan a leòn,
 80 Bu ghearr a lò, 's bu dubh a sgeula.*

'S là dhuinn a' fiadhach na lèana,
 Chunnas loingeas bréid-gheal crannach.
 Shaoileas gu b' e Lochlann a dh'éisrich,
 A thoirt Crimìn' air éiginn thairis.

85 Sin 'n uair thuirt Conan cròn,
 " 'S coma leam strìth gun fhios c'arson !
 Feuchaibh an toiseach le suim
 Ciod an rùn am beil dhuinn a' bhean.
 Dearnamaid falluinn an fhir

90 Am fuil tuire 's an fhireach àrd ;
 Giùlaineamaid e rìs an riochd mairbh,
 'S chi sibhse ma 's fior a gràdh."

Dh' éisd sinne, 's b' aithreach leinn,
 Comhairle Chonain a' mhi-àigh.

95 Leag sinn an tore nimhe borb
 Anns a' choillidh dlù do 'n tràigh.
 " Cumaibh riums' e," deir Conan crion ;
 " 'S d'a dhìth, mo làmh, gu'm bi'n ceann !"
 Chòmhdaich sinn Dearnag leis an fhuil,

100 'S thog sinn air ar muin an laoch ;
 A rìgh bu tiambaidh trom ar ceòl,

* *Al.*—Le aithris bidh deoir air teudan.

75 So we took to ourselves Crimina,
 To Dargo we gave her tender hand.
 But though courteous were our maids and kind,
 Ofttimes among them would she mourn.

* * * *

Each little waterfall heard the voice of her woe ;
 80 Brief was her day, and sad her tale.*

One day as we chased the deer upon the plain,
 A masted ship with white sails was seen.
 'Twas thought that Lochlinn had arisen,
 To bear Crimina by force away.

85 Then spake Conan of little soul,
 "To fight without reason nought care I !
 First, mark ye with all heed
 What regard toward us the maiden hath.
 Let us dye the mantle of her spouse [moor ;
 90 In the red blood of the boar upon the highland
 Let us carry him home as dead,
 And yourselves shall see if her love be true."

We listened, and we were sorry
 At the counsel of Conan inglorious.

95 The boar of fierce venom laid we low
 In the dense woods near the shore.
 "Hold him for me," said mean-hearted Conan ;
 "By my right hand his head must fall !"
 We sprinkled Dargo with the blood,

100 On our backs the warrior we raised ; [chief,
 With the burden of sad songs we mourned our
 * *Al.*—Tears are on my harp-strings, as I tell the tale.

'G a ghiùlan an còmhdhail a ghaoil.
 Ruith Conan le bian an tuirc
 (Bha e tìtheach chum uile a ghnàth)—
 105 "Le m' lainn thuit an torc a lot d' fhearr,
 "N uair bhrist a shleagh air chéum fàs!"

Chuala Crimìn' an sgeul ;
 A's chunnaic i 'n cruth éig a Dearg ;
 Dh' fhàs i mar mheall eigh 's an fhuachd,
 110 Air Mòra nan cruaidh learg.
 Tamul dh'i mar sin 'n a tàmh,
 Ghlac i 'n a làimh inneal-ciuil.
 Mheath i gach crìdh' ; ach cha d'fhuiling
 Sinn do Dhearg e charach' air uilinn.
 115 Mar bhinn-ghuth eala 'n guin-bàis,
 No mar cheòlan chàich mu'n cuairt d' i,
 A' gairm an taibhse bho lochan nan nial,
 G' a giùlan air sgiathan gaoithe ;
 B' amhuil sin caoidh Chrimìn,
 120 'S a Dearg 'n a shìneadh dlù dh'i.

CAOIDH CHRIMINE.

O thaibhse, bho àirde nan nial
 Cromaibh a dh' iarraidh ur Deirg !
 A's thigibh, òighean an Tréin, o'r talla,
 Le ùr-fhalluinn leibh do m' ghràdh !
 125 C'uime, Dheirg, an robh ar crìdh'
 Air an sniomh co dlù 'n'ar com ?
 A's c'uim' a spònadh thusa uam,

As we bore him to meet his love.
 Conan ran with the skin of the boar
 (Ever for mischief was he eager)— [spouse,
 105 “By my sword fell the beast that wounded thy
 When brake his spear upon the lonely track !”

Crimina heard the tale ;
 She saw in the likeness of death her Dargo.
 She remained, like ice in the cold,
 110 On Mora’s hard rocky plain.
 All silent for awhile she lay ;
 Then seized her instrument of song.
 Melted was each heart ; yet all the while,
 Dargo we suffered not to stir.
 115 As the sweet notes of a swan in pangs of death,
 Or as the songs of her companions around her,
 When they call the ghosts from the lakes of the
 To waft her on the wings of the breeze ; [clouds
 Such was the lament of Crimina,
 120 While Dargo lay stretched close beside her.

LAMENT OF CRIMINA.

O ghosts, from the heights of the clouds,
 In quest of your Dargo bend ye down !
 Come from your halls, ye maids of Trenmor,
 With a robe new-woven for my love !
 125 Why, Dargo, why were our hearts
 Close entwined, and our breasts fast bound ?
 And why art thou torn from me now,

'S an d'fhàgadh mise gu truagh trom ?
 Mar dhà lus* sinn 's an drùchd ri gàire,

130 Taobh na creige 'm blàs na greine,
 Gun fhreumh air bith ach an aon,
 Aig an dà lus aobhach aoibhinn.
 Shèun òighean Chaothain na luis,
 Is bòidheach leo féin am fàs !

135 Shèun a's na h-aighean eutrom ;
 Ged thug an tore do aon diu 'm bàs.
 Is trom trom, 's a cheann air aomadh ;
 'N t-aon lus faoin tha fathasd bed,
 Mar dhuilleach air seargadh 's a' ghréin—

140 O ! b' aoibhinn bhi nis gun deò !
 A's dh'iadh orm oidhche gun chrìch ;
 Thuit gu sìor mo ghrian fo smal.
 Moch bu lannair air Mòr-bheinn a snuadh,
 Ach anmoch chaidh tual an car.

145 'S ma thréig thu mi, sholuis m' àigh !
 Tha mi gu là bhràth gun ghean.
 Och ! mur éirich Dearg o phràmh,
 Is duibh-neul gu bràth a bhean !
 'S duaichnidh do dhreach ; fuar do chrìdh' ;

150 Gun spionn' ad làimh, no clì ad chois.
 Och ! 's balbh do bheul a bha binn ;
 Och 's tinn leam, a ghràidh, do chor !
 Nis chaochail rughadh do ghruaidh,
 Fhir nam mòr-bhuadh anns gach cath !

155 'S mall, mar na enuic air 'n do leum,
 A' chas a chuir éilde gu stad.

And I left in sadness all forlorn ?
 Like two flowers* in the dew that smiled,

130 Beneath the sun's beam on the rock's warm side
 Such were we ; no root had we but one, [glad.
 Though the flowers were twain, so joyous and so
 The maidens of flowery Cona forbore to pluck them,
 So beauteous in their pride they grew !

135 The nimble deer also shunned to hurt them ;
 But one this day the wild boar hath slain.
 Heavily, ah ! heavily its head is drooping down ;
 One feeble flower still alive remains, [ray,
 Like withered leaves beneath the sun's scorching

140 Happy were it now no more in life to be !
 Endless night encompasses me around ;
 In dim darkness is my sun for ever set.
 Bright upon Morven shone his face at morn,
 But at even it hath passed on its fatal course away.

145 Shouldst thou forsake me, beam of my joy !
 Gladness till the world's last day is mine no more.
 Oh if Dargo arise not from his slumber,
 On thee, O wife, a dark cloud rests for aye !
 Dismal is thy form to behold, all cold thy heart ;

150 Nerveless now thy hand, without force thy foot.
 Thy once melodious mouth is mute and still.
 Fallen is thy state, my own love, before me !
 The fresh bloom on thy cheek is faded now,
 Hero, erst all-victorious in battle !

155 Dull as the senseless hill beneath thy tread
 Is the foot which once did stay the bounding deer.

* *Al.*—roses.

A's b' annsa Dearn seach neach fo 'n ghréin o !
 Seach m' athair deurach, 's mo mhàthair chaomh.
 Tha 'n sùil ri lear gu tric 's an éigh-each ;

160 Ach b' annsa leamsa dol eug le m' ghaol !
 A's lean mi 'n céin thar muir a's glinn thu,
 'S laidhinn sìnte leat 's an t-sloc ;
 O ! thigeadh bàs no torc do m' reubadh,
 Neo 's truagh mo chàramh féin an nochd.

165 A's rinneadh leaba dhuinn an raoir,
 Air an raon ud cnoc nan sealg ;
 'S ni 'n deanar leab' air leth an nochd dhuinn,
 'S ni 'n sgarar mo chorp o Dhearg !
 Tùirlibh, o thaibhse nan nial,

170 O ionadan fial nam flath !
 Tùirlibh air għlas-sgiathan ur ceò,
 A's glacaibh mo dheò gun athadh !
 Oighean tha 'n tallaibh an Tréin,
 Deilbħibh ceò-éideadh Chrimìne ;

175 Ach 's annsa leam sgiobul mo Dheirg ;
 A' d' sgiobuls', a Dheirg, biom !

A's mhøthaich sinn 'g a tréigsinn a guth,
 Mhøthaich sinn gun lùgh' a meoir.

Thog sinn Dearn, ach bu ro-anmoch ;

180 Crimìne bha marbh gun deò.

* * * *

Thuit a' chlàrsach ás a làimh ;

Dh' imich 's an dàn a h-anam.

Thaisg an laoch i air an tràigh,

Dearer than aught under the sun to me is Dargo,
 Than even my mourning sire and my gentle mother.
 Their eye is often on the sea, and they call me
 home;

160 But to die with my love is all my heart's desire !

I have followed thee afar over sea and dale,
 And stretched with thee in the grave I fain would lie.
 Oh that death would come, or the wild boar to rend me,
 Else wretched sure this night my state must be.

165 Together last night our couch was spread

Upon the hill of the chase on yonder plain ;
 And to-night let not our bed divided be,
 Nor my body from Dargo be laid apart !

Descend, ye ghosts of the clouds,

170 From the abode of the heroes large and free !

Descend on the gray wings of your mist ;
 To catch my dying breath be not afraid !
 Ye maidens in Trenmor's halls who dwell,
 Weave now for Crimina her misty shroud ;

175 Yet dearer to me is the mantle of my Dargo ;

In thy mantle, O Dargo, let me lie !

We felt her voice to be failing,

We saw her fingers motionless.

Then raised we Dargo,—but it was too late ;

180 Crimina lay lifeless and dead.

* * * *

The harp dropped from her hand ;

Her soul fled away in the song.

The warrior laid her by the shore,

Le Crimòra a cheud ghràdh ;
185 A's dh' ullaich e 's an àite cheudna
An leac għlas fo n' laidh e féin.
'S chaidh dithis deich sàmhraidh mu 'n cuairt,
A's dithis deich geamhraidh le 'm fuachd o sin ;
An eian ud tha Dearg 'n a uaigh,
190 'S cha 'n éisd e ach fuaim gun ghean ;
'S tric mis' a' séinn da tra nòin,
'S Crimìn' air a ceò-soillse.

[Feuch Dearg 's an doire 'n a aonar, etc.]

Beside his first love Crimora ;

185 And in the self-same spot prepared
For his own place of rest the gray stone. [round,
Since then thrice ten summers have gone their
And thrice ten winters with their cold ;
All that while has Dargo in his cave remained,

190 Nor hears he any sound save the strain of woe ;
Often to him at noontide do I sing, [nigh.
While Crimina upon her radiant cloud hovers
[See Dargo in the woods alone, etc.]

TIOMNA GHUILL.

ARGUMENT.

OSSIAN, mourning the desolation of Selma in its ruined halls, lights upon an ancient shield, which he recognises as the shield of Gaul, the companion of his lost son Oscar. He is thus led to relate the circumstances of the hero's death, as follows:—

Once, when the Fingalians were invading the hostile land of I-frona, Gaul was accidentally hindered from joining the expedition, but followed on the next day. Meanwhile the army had returned victorious, and Gaul, missing their ships in the darkness of the night, hastened onward to I-frona, in the hope of joining his friends there. He was at once surrounded by the enemy, and, after achieving prodigies of valour with his own hand, was finally overpowered by numbers, wounded, and left on the shore to perish. His wife, Evircoma, anxious for his safety, resolved to go in quest of him; and, embarking in a small skiff with her infant son, reached the spot where he lay almost at the point of death. She bore him to the boat, and started upon her homeward voyage; but her strength beginning to fail, she was forced to stop for rest at an island by the way. Ossian, warned by a vision, went to seek the pair, and arrived just in time to find them both expiring. He conveyed the bodies back to their own land, and adopted the orphan child as his own. The poem concludes with the Lament of Fingal over Gaul, the best and bravest of his warriors, who is laid in the same grave with his devoted wife.

TIOMNA GHUILL.



NACH tiambaidh tosd so na h-oidhche,
 'S i taosgadh a duibh-neoil air gleantai !
 Dh' aom suain air fiùran na seilge
 Air an raon, 's a chù r'a ghlùn.

5 Clanna nan sliabh tha e ruagadh
 'N a aisling, 's a shuain 'g a thréigsinn.

Caidlibh, a chlanna an sgìos !
 'S gach reul a' dìreadh nan aonach ;
 Caidil a lù'-choin luath !

10 Cha dean Oisean do shuain a dhùsgadh.
 Tha mise ri faireadh am aonar,
 Is caomh leam doille na h-oidhche ;
 'S mi 'g imeachd o ghleannan gu gleannan,
 Gun fhiughair ri madainn no soillse.

15 Caomhain do sholus, a ghrian ;
 'S na caith cho dian do lòchrain !
 Mar rìgh na Féinne, 's faoilidh d' anam,
 Ach crònaidh fathasd do mhòrchuis.
 Caomhain lòchrain nam mìle lasair,
 20 A' d' ghorm-thalla, 'n uair theid thu
 Fo d' chiar-dhorsan gu cadal

G A U L.



AWFUL is this stillness of the night,
 As she pours upon the glens her dark clouds !
 Slumber descends on the youth of the chase
 On the plain, with his hound at his knee.

5 The sons of the mountains he is pursuing
 In dreams, and his sleep is departing from him.

Sleep on, ye sons of toil !
 Each star now is mounting o'er the heath ;
 Sleep on fleet hound of the course !

10 Ossian will not disturb thy slumbers.
 I myself am watching all alone ;
 Soothing to me is the darkness of night.
 I rove from glen to glen,
 Nor wait expectant for the light of morn.

15 Spare thy bright beams, O Sun ;
 Spend not so eagerly thy lamp !
 As the chief of Fingal's race thy soul is bounteous ;
 Yet soon thy grandeur shall decay.
 Spare thy lamp with its thousand flames,

20 In thy blue halls, when thou retirest
 Under thy dusky gates, to sleep

Fo asgaitt dhorchà na h-iargail.
 Caomhain iad mu 'm fàg iad thu d' aonar,
 Amhuil mise, gun aon is blàth leam !

25 Caomhain iad ! 's gun laoch a' faicinn
 Gorm-lasair nan lòchran àillidh.

A Chaothain nan solus àigh,
 Tha do lòchraints' an tràsa fo smal ;
 Amhuil darag air crìonadh gu luath
 30 Tha do phàillinn, 's do shluagh air tréigsinn.
 Soir no siar air aghaidh d' aonaich
 Cha'n fhaighear do aon diu ach làrach.
 An Seallama, 'n Taura no 'n Tigh-mòr-righ
 Cha 'n 'eil slige no òran no clàrsach.
 35 Tha iad uile 'n an tulachain uaine,
 'S an clachan 'nan cluainean féin ;
 Cha 'n fhaic aineol o 'n lear no o'n fhàsaich
 A h-aon diu 's a bhàrr romh neul.
 'S a Sheallama, theach mo ghaoil !
 40 An e 'n tòrr so d' aos-làrach,
 Far am beil foghnan fraoch a's fòlach,
 Ri bròn fo shileadh na h-oidhche ?
 Mu thimchioll mo għlas-chiabhan
 Ag iadhadh tha chomhachag chòrr,
 45 'S an earbag a' clisgeadh o leabaidh,
 Gun eagal romh Oisean a' bhròin.

Earbag nan càrn còsach,
 'S an robh còmhnaidh Oscair a's Fhinn,
 Cha 'n iomair mi féin ort beud,

Beneath the dark bosom of the twilight.
Spare them, ere they leave thee alone,
Like myself, without one friend to cheer me !

25 Spare them ! for no hero now beholds
The blue fires of the beauteous beams.

Cona, once abode of light and joy,
Thy lamp is now under a cloud ;
Like an oak whose leaf fast withereth

30 Are thy palaces, and thy people are departed.
East or west o'er the face of thy heath
Nought is seen of them now but ruins.
In Selma, Taura, and Temora
No shell, nor song, nor harp remains.

35 Nought are they now but grassy mounds,
And the stones of their meads alone ;
And the stranger from out the sea or the desert
Their summits through the clouds shall not descry.
O Selma, home of my love !

40 Is this mound thy aged site,
Where the thistle heath and rank grass dwell,
Weeping with the dews of night ?
All around my gray hairs
Is hovering the solemn owl,

45 And the young roe starteth from his bed,
Nor fears he Ossian in sorrow.

Roe of the creviced rock,
Where erst was Oscar's and Fingal's dwelling,
I shall deal thee no hurt,

50 'S cha reubar thu chaoidh le m' lainn !
 Gu druim Sheallama sìneam mo làmh ;
 Tha 'n fhàrdach gun druim ach adhar.
 Iarram an sgiath leathan gu h-ìosal ;
 Bàrr mo shleagh bhuail a copan !

55 'S a chopain éigheach nam blàr ;—
 Is sàr-aoibhinn leam fathasd d' fhuaim ;
 Tha e dùsgadh nan làithean chaidh seach,
 'S a dh' aindeoin aois' tha m' anam a' leumnaich.*
 Ach uam smuainte nam blàr !

60 'S mo shleagh air fàs 'n a luirg ;
 An sgiath chopach tuille cha bhuail i.
 —Ach ciod so 'n fhuaim a dhùisg i ?
 Bloidh sgéith' air a' caitheamh le h-aois !
 Mar ghealaich earrdhubbh a cruth.

65 Sgiath Ghuill 's i a th' ann,
 Sgiath còmhlain mo dheagh Oscair !
 Ach ciod so chuir m' anam fo sprochd ?
 'S tric, Oscair, a fhuair-sa do chliù ;
 Air còmhlan do ghaoil bidh fonn an tràs.

70 A Mhal-mhìne le d' chlàr bi dlù !

'S bha 'n oidhche doilleir duaichnidh ;
 Torman speur mar chreig romh sgàrnaich ;
 Uillt a' beucaich,—taibhs' a' sgreadail ;
 'S boisgeadh tein' o'n adhar bholg-dhubh.

75 'S an uair sin chruinnich an Fhéinn

* *Al. 1.* Mar ghaoith ann am falasg an aonaich.

Al. 2. Mar shruth aonaich tha m' anam a' leumnaich.

50 Never by my blade shalt thou be wounded !
 To Selma's roof let me reach forth my hand ;
 Thy house hath no roof but the sky.
 I seek the broad shield upon the ground ;
 The point of my spear hath struck its boss !

55 In that boss is the call to battle !
 Very pleasant still is thy sound to me ;
 It wakes the memory of bygone days,
 And in spite of age my soul is bounding.*
 But far from me be thoughts of war !

60 My spear hath become a staff ;
 Never more shall it smite the bossy shield.
 —But what sound is this that it awakes ?
 'Tis the fragment of a shield worn by the rust of
 Like the waning moon is its form. [years !

65 It is indeed the shield of Gaul,
 The shield of my good Oscar's comrade !
 But what sadness is this which clouds my soul ?
 Often, Oscar, hast thou found thy fame ;
 Now the strain shall be for the comrade of thy love.

70 Malvina, with thy harp be nigh !

Dark and dismal was the night ;
 The sky murmured like rending rocks ;
 Loud roared the torrents,—shrieked the ghosts ;
 Lightnings flashed from the heaven's dark dome.

75 Then were gathered Fingal's men

* *Al. 1.* As the wind among the burning heather.

Al. 2. Like the flood upon the heath my soul is bounding.

Gu h-aoibhinn an talla Fhinn ;
 Cha b' aibhist fhuar e mar an nochd,
 A's cha robh sprochd air aghaidh suinn.
 Bha òl a's ceòl air ùigh gach fir,
 80 A's clàr an làimh gach filidh 's òg-mhnà.

Shiubhail mar sin an oidhche,
 Mu 'n d' ionndrain sinn idir uainn i ;
 A's dhùisg a' mhadainn 's an ear,
 An leaba nan neula luaineach.

85 Bhuail Fionn-ghaël a sgiath ;
 Cha b' ionann fuaim dh'i 's an tràs.
 Ghreas na laoich o'n sruthan gu dian ;
 Bhac am buinne Goll an àigh.
 Thog sinn gu I-freòine ar siuil,
 90 Phill sinn le 'r cliù 's le 'r crich.
 C'uim' nach d' fheith thu, Ghuill nan sleagh,
 Nach seachnadh le d' dheoin an àrach ?
 Air long eutrom nan garbh-thonn
 Lean an sonn sinn an dara-màireach.

95 Ach co sid air a' charraig, mar cheò,
 'S i 'g amharc romh dheoir air Goll ;
 A gruag dhorcha 's a' ghaoith air faondra,
 'S a làmh chaoin, mar chobhar, m' a cuilean ?
 'S òg am macan 'n a h-uchd,
 100 'S binn a crònan 'n a chluais ;
 Ach shéid an osnadh am fonn.
 Air Goll, Aoibhir-chaomh, tha do luadh !
 —Chìtear leatha 'n long an caol-chruth ;

For mirth in the halls of Fingal;
 No ruin then, as they are this night,
 Nor was sorrow on the faces of the heroes.

80 Drinking and song was each warrior's delight,
 The harp was in each minstrel's and each maiden's
 [hand.

Thus the night passed on,
 Yet we missed it not as it sped from us ;
 And morning arose in the east
 From her couch of fleeting clouds.

85 Fingal smote the shield ;
 Not then, as now, was its sound.
 Swift rushed the warriors from the streams ;
 The torrent hindered Gaul in his eager joy.
 We hoisted for I-frona our sails,
 90 We returned with glory and spoil.
 Why waitedst thou not, Gaul of the spears,
 Thou that willingly wouldest not shun the field ?
 In light bark o'er the boisterous waves
 The hero followed us upon the second morn.

95 But what is yon dim form, like mist, on the rock,
 Gazing through her tears after Gaul ;
 Her dark hair streaming on the wind,
 And her soft white hand, like foam, about her curls ?
 Her young boy is at her breast ;
 100 Sweet is her lulling voice in his ear :
 But a sigh hath wafted away the strain.
 Upon Gaul, Evir-coma, is all thy thought !
 His broad ship in narrowed form is seen ;

Le duibh-neul iosal 'g a còmhdaich,
 105 Amhuil carraig air a h-éideadh le ceò ;—
 “ A mhic Morna, slàn gu'm pill thu ! ”
 Le ceuma mall a's le sealladh-cùil
 Phill i gu Stru-mhon àrd ;
 Mar thannas air linne nan ceò,
 110 'S gun deò aig anail an fhàile.

* * * *

Bu tric a sùil air a' chuan ànraach ;—
 “ A mhic Morna, slàn gu'm pill thu ! ”

Ghlac an oidhche dhòbhaidh dhorcha
 Mac Morna 's e 'm meadhon ànraidh ;
 115 Tra sheun a' ghealach i féin fo neulaibh,
 'S gun aiteal bho reul air sàile.
 Chuir sid mu seach oirnn an laoch,
 'S e siubhal eutrom air chuanta dorcha.
 'S a' mhadainn air I na fredine,
 120 Bhuaile 's a' cheò beum-sgéithe ;
 Le ioghnadh nach cual e colluinn nam blàr—
 “ An cadal an tràs duibh, fheara na Féinne ? ”

'S truagh gun mise ri d'thaobh !
 Cha b' i lorg an aosda mo shleagh ;
 125 Ach dearg-dhealan fo 'n tuiteadh àrd-chroinn,
 Tra chlisgeas bho làthair na sléibhteann.
 Bheirinn làn-dùlan, a laoich, do d' nàmh,
 No thuitinn gu làr gun éirigh.
 'S cha bu chrann seargte 'n sin Oisean,
 130 Air chrith romh oiteig an aonaich,

A low dark cloud is hiding it from view,

105 Like a rock shrouded in a robe of mist.

“ Son of Morni, safe may’st thou return !”

With slow pace and lingering look behind her

She returns to lofty Strumon ;

Like a ghost upon the misty mere,

110 When lifeless is the breath of the breeze.

* * * *

Oft is her eye upon the stormy wave ;—

“ Son of Morni, safe may’st thou return !”

The night boisterous and dark

Surprised amid his distress the son of Morni ;

115 When the moon hid her face in clouds,

And no star shed its light upon the sea.

Thus the hero missed our track,

As lightly he sped over the darkened wave.

At morn upon I-frona’s shore

120 He sounded amid the mist the alarm of battle,

Wondering that he heard not the strokes of the
fray—

“ Sleep ye now,” he cries, “ men of Fingal ?”

Pity were it I was not by thy side !

No old man’s staff was then my spear ;

125 But as the red lightning that levels the forest trees,
When the mountains start from its presence.

I would have bid defiance, O warrior, to thy foes,
Or fallen to earth to rise up no more.

Then was Ossian no withered branch,

130 Shaking before the wind that sweeps the plain,

A leagas a' chraobh air a h-uilinn,
 Thar sruthan dorcha nan ioma-ghaoth.
 Bu deas mi mar ghiuthas Chaothain,
 'S m' ùr-gheugan 's a' ghaoith 'g am chuartach'.
 135 O! 's truagh gun Oisean bhi dlù,
 A laoich Stru-mhoin, an strìth na Freòine!

C'ait an robh sibh, a thaibhse,
 Nach d' thug sanas air foill I-freòine ?
 'N ur cadal an ceò uaigneach,
 140 No cluith ri duilleig luaineich ?
 Ni h-amhluidh ; le caismeachd dhìlis
 Phill a's phil sibh le 'r n-an-sgairt ;
 Tra shaoileas gu'm bu taibhse gun bhàigh sibh
 Le 'm b'àill ar cumail o Mhòr-bheinn.
 145 Roimh 'n ceò-éideadh las lann an rìgh ;—
 "Leanaibh am foghnan a's siol nam meat!"
 Le ainm Ghuill 'g a luadh,
 Chualas am farum a' tréigsinn,
 Tiamhaidh. Dh'fhalbh iad 'n an osaig,
 150 Mar osainn easaich 's a' chòrr a' caoirean.

IOM-CHEIST GHUILL.

'S am beilim féin am aonar
 Am measg nan ceuda colg,
 Gun lainn liomhaidh leam
 'S a' chath dhorchha ?
 155 Thaimeachd nan tonn geal
 Gu Mòrbheinn nam bad ;

When are bowed the trees at an angle
 Over the dark streams where the whirlwind rides.
 I stood prepared, like a pine in Cona's glen,
 With my branches waving around me fresh and
 135 Ah! pity that Ossian was not nigh, [green.
 Hero of Strumon, in the strife of I-frona!

Where were ye then, ye ghosts, [I-frona?
 That ye gave no warning in the treachery of
 Were ye asleep in the lonely mist,
 140 Or sporting with the restless leaves?
 Not so;—with friendly alarm [cry;
 You returned once and again with your piercing
 But we thought you were unkindly ghosts,
 Seeking to detain us from Morven. [sword;
 145 Through your misty robes glanced the king's
 "Pursue the thistle-down and the sons of the
 The uttered name of Gaul was heard [timid!"
 Amid their rushing sound as they sped away,
 All mournful. They vanished in the blast, [cry.
 150 Like the noise of a cataract or the crane's plaintive

PERPLEXITY OF GAUL.

Am I then by myself alone
 Amidst a hundred swords,
 Without my own burnished blade,
 In the dark night of battle?
 155 The course of the whitening billows
 Is toward woody Morven;

An tog mi mo shiuil,
 'S gun chaomh am fagus ?
 Ach cionnus a dh'éireas an dàn,
 160 Ma dh' fhàsas neul
 Air cliù mhic Morna ?
 Ciod their Fionn le 'm b'àbhaist
 Am boile nam cath cruaidh
 A radh ri mhic bhras,
 165 "Nach faic sibh teachd mhic Morna !"
 'S a Mhorna na 'm faiceadh tusa
 Do mhac a' teicheadh o'n àraich,
 Nach tigeadh rugh' air do ghnùis aosda,
 'N làthair nan laoch neulach ?
 170 'S nach cluinnteadh d' osna 's a' ghaoith
 An gleann faoin na Stru-mhoin,
 Tra theireadh na taibhse lag,
 "Theich do mhac an I-freòine ?"
 A Mhorna, bu deacair leam !
 175 A's m' anam am chom mar fhalaisg aonaich,
 Tra sgaoileas i bras o dhos gu dos,
 'S a' choille 'n a caoiribh dearga.
 A Mhorna, seall orm o'n aonach !
 Bha d' anam féin mar steud-shruth bras,
 180 Fo chobhar ceann-gheall an cuinge garbhlaich ;
 'S mac-samhuil sin anam do mhic.
 Aoibhir-chaomha !—Og'uill !—
 Ach ni 'm buin dearsanna caomh do'n doininn.
 Tha anam Ghuill an collainn na còmhraig.
 185 'S truagh gun Oisean mac Fhinn
 Bhi leam, mar an linn Mhic Nuath !

Shall I hoist my sails,
Since no friend is near me ?

160 But how then shall they raise the song,
Should any cloud arise
Upon the fame of Morni's son ?

What shall Fingal say, who was wont,
In the fierce combat's furious storm,
To speak to his bold sons, saying,

165 " Mark ye the path of the son of Morni !"
And thou, Morni, should'st thou behold
Thy son from the field retiring,
Would no blush o'erspread thy aged face
In presence of the cloud-wrapped heroes ?

170 Would not thy sigh be heard upon the breeze
In Strumon's lonely vale,
When the ghosts of the feeble should say,
" Thy son fled in I-frona ? "

O Morni, this were hard to me !

175 The soul within my breast is as fire on the heath,
When it spreads impetuous from bush to bush,
And the forest glows red in the roaring flame.

O Morni, behold me in the field !

Ardent was *thy* soul as a surging torrent, [bed;
180 When foams its white crest in its narrow rocky
And such here is the soul of thy son.

Evir-coma !—Og'äl !—

But mild sunbeams belong not to storms.

The soul of Gaul is in the strokes of battle.

185 Woe is me that Ossian, son of Fingal,
Is not with me, as in the day of Mac Nua !

Ach tha m' anam féin 'n a thannas éitidh,
 'S e leum 'n a aonar 's a' chuan atmhor,
 A' taomadh mìle tonn air eilean air chrith,
 190 'S a' marcachd a rìs an cobhan na gaoithe.

Bhuail mac Morn' an t-ath-bheum sgéithe ;
 (Cha b' ionann a h-éigh a's an tràsa)—
 Chlisg an I, a's dhùisg a cathan ;
 Dhùldaich Goll, 's lann athar a' dealradh.*
 195 Gach taobh dheth tha daoine 'g an sgathadh,
 Mar ùr-bharrach an doire na fasaich ;
 An airm liomhaidh 's an raon air an sgapadh,
 'S eoin na h-ealtainn ri gàire.
 A Mhala-mhìn, nach fac thu féin
 200 Sgaoth eunlaith air steudan sàile,
 A' cuartachadh muice mòire,
 'S na cuanta dòbhaidh a' gànraich ?
 Nach fac thu bolg bànn an éisg
 (Mar shiuil air an séideadh) 'n uachdar ;
 205 'S na h-eoin air na tonna fad as,
 Ri sgairteachd le geilt a's fuathas ?
 B' amhuil sin eagal na Freòine,
 'S an geilt romh chòmhragh Ghuill.

Ach dh' fhàs mac Morna fann,
 210 'S e ri crann a' leigeil a thaic ;
 Ceud corran 'n a thaobh an sàs,
 A's fhuil air màgh a sgéithe glais'.

* *Al.*—Bhuail iad mar thein-adhair thun tràgha.

But my soul is as a grisly spectre,
 As it bounds alone upon the swelling main, [lows,
 Which pours over trembling isles its thousand bil-
 190 Then rides once more upon its wind-borne car.

Morni's son smote the shield again ;
 (Not then as at this day was its sound)—
 The isle started ; the men of war awoke ;
 Dark was Gaul's frown—bright flashed the brand
 of his sire. *

195 On every side he hewed down the men,
 Like green branches in the moorland grove ;
 Their polished arms are strewn upon the plain,
 And flocking birds exultant laugh around.

Malvina, hast thyself not seen

200 A flight of birds upon the surging sea,
 Surrounding some mighty whale,
 Amid the roaring boisterous waves ?
 Sawest thou not the white belly of the fish
 (Like a bulging sail) upturned ;
 205 While the sea-birds far off on the billow,
 Affrighted in terror, screamed aloud ?
 Even such was the fear of I-frona's men,
 And their dread in the combat with Gaul.

But fainter grew the son of Morni,
 210 And to a tree he let himself lean ;
 A hundred arrows fixed in his side,
 His blood upon the plain of his dark blue shield.

* *Al.*—They rushed like lightning to the shore.

Ach 's dealan-bàis a chlaidheamh ;
 'S tha crith air anam na Freòine.

215 Ach c'uim', a shìl gun iochd,
 Am beil ur làmh ri lic ghaileadh ?
 An ann a' sgaoileadh ur cliù
 Gus na linnte dhùisgeas 's an òran ?
 Ach an cliù do sheachdnar a h-iomain

220 An carabh aon fhir 's e 'n a ònrachd ?
 Bhuail i sliasaid an laoich ;
 Dh' aom e air a sgéith ùmha,
 Alluidh ; 's a nàimh 'g a thréigsinn,
 Mar iolair reubte le dealan na h-oidhche.*

225 'S truagh nach b' fhios do na laoich,
 Ioma-ghaoth nan cath, do chor !
 Cha 'n eisdeamaid ceòl no clàr,
 'S mac Morna bhi 'n sàs teann.
 Cha chaidleadh mac-an-Luinn 'n a thruaill,

230 'S cha bhiodh sleagh Fhinn gun luadh air àr ;
 'S ni 'm b' ioghnadh bho m' rìgh, 's e mosgladh,
 " Bhuail tannas no osag an sgiath ud ! "

C'uim' nach d' ath-bhuail thu do shleagh,
 A Mhorna nan ciabh aosda ?

235 C'uim' nach d' aom thu gu m' aisling féin,
 " Oisein, éirich ! 's Goll 'n a aonar ?"
 Ach bha d'imeachd gu I na freòine,
 Shil frasan o d' dheoir air na sléibhteann ;

* *Al.*—Mar iolair leont' air carraig nan cnoc,
 'S a sgiath air a lot le dealan na h-oidhche.

Yet the thunderbolt of death is still his sword,
 And trembling is on the hearts of the sons of
 215 But why, ye merciless race, [I-frona.
 Are your hands on yon enormous stone ?
 Think ye thus to extend your fame,
 For the ages to awake it in song ?
 What fame for seven men to hurl it
 220 Against one man, deserted and alone ?
 It smote the hero's thigh ;
 He leaned upon his shield of bronze,
 Still terrible ; and his foes forsook him,
 As an eagle torn by the levin-bolt of night.*

225 Ah ! pity that thy comrades knew not,
 Whirlwind of battle, thy lorn condition !
 Then had we heard no strain of harp or song,
 While Morni's son was in sore distress.
 The "son of Luno" had not slept within his sheath,
 230 Nor Fingal's spear been unpraised upon the field ;
 Nor had we marvelled that my king arose, saying,
 "Some ghost or the passing breeze struck yon
 shield !"

Why smotest thou not once again with thy spear,
 O Morni of the hoary locks ?

235 Why did'st thou not descend to my dream and say,
 "Arise, Ossian ! Gaul is deserted ?"
 But thou wast speeding onward to I-frona,
 Thy tears rained in showers upon the mountains ;

* *Al.*—As an eagle wounded on a craggy steep,
 His wing bruised by the levin-bolt of night.

Bha crith air gach innis romh d' sgairt,—
 240 Làn bròin a's do mhac gun éirigh.

Bhrist fair' air monadh nan sruth,
 Thréig aisling na mnà caoin' ;
 Chaisd i ri caithream na seilg,
 B' ioghnadh nach cual i a gaol.
 245 'S an là bho thulachaibh nan dos
 Dh' éisd i a caoidh féin ;
 A's anmoch sheall i air lear,
 Brònach, 's gun luing a' leum.

AOIBHIR-CHAOMH.—“Ciod so chum thu, ghràidh,
 250 Seach càch an I na freòine ?
 Mise dubhach air aomadh chreag,
 'S mac-talla a' freagairt do m' chòmhradh.
 Nach feudadh tu pilleadh a nis,
 (Ged thigeadh ort ànradh-cuain)
 255 A's d' ùigh bhi ri leanabh do ghaoil,
 A thaomas leam osna gu cruaidh ?
 'S truagh nach cluinneadh tu, ghaoil,
 Fuaim bhristeach d'ainme
 O bheul Og'uill, gu d' ghreasad.—
 260 Ach 's eagal leam féin nach pill thu !
 Chunnas aisling an raoir.
 Bha gach neach air an raon ach Goll ;
 Tamull as, 's a thaice r' a shleagh,
 Bha'n laoch 'n a sheasamh air aona-chois.
 265 Bha chas eile 'n a ceò glas,
 A charaich gach oiteag a shéideadh.

Each island trembled at thy piercing cry,—
 240 Full of anguish is thy son, and he cannot rise.

Dawn broke on the moor of streams,
 His gentle wife from dreams awoke ;
 She listened to the shout of the chase,
 Wondering she heard not the voice of her love.

245 All day upon the bosky knolls
 She heard but her own wailing cry ;
 And at even she gazed upon the sea,
 Sorrowful, for no ship was bounding there.

EVIR-COMA.—“What holdeth thee thus, my love,

250 In I-frona from the rest apart ?
 I am sad upon the shelving rock,
 And the echo gives answer to my cry.

Mightest thou not by now have returned,
 (Though distress at sea might assail thee)

255 Thy desire being toward the child of thy love,
 Who pours forth with me his bitter sigh ?
 Pity is it, love, thou dost not hear
 The lisped murmur of thy name
 From Ogal’s mouth, to speed thy coming.

260 Ah, much I fear me thou wilt not return !
 Last night a vision I saw.

Each warrior was on the plain, save Gaul ;
 Hard by, leaning upon his spear,
 On one foot the hero stood.

265 The other seemed of blue-grey mist,
 Stirred by each breeze as it blew.

Chaidh mi féin an còmhdhail mo ghaoil ;
 Ach shéid osag o'n aonach uam e.
 —Ach uam aislinge-geilt !

270 Pillidh tu, Rìgh Stru-mhoin ;
 'S do cheann mar òg-ghnus na gréine,
 'S i 'g éirigh air Crom-shliabh nan taibhse ;
 Far an crithich 's an oidhch' an t-aineol,
 'S na tannais a' sgairteachd gach taobh dheth ;
 275 Ach theich iad romh aiteal na maidne,
 'S ghabh esan le bhata gu gluasad.
 Is amhluidh chi mi thu, ghaoil ;
 Nach e sid aogas do bhàrca ?
 A siuil mar chobhar nan creag,
 280 No mar shneachd' air bàrraibh na fàsaich.
 Am bàrca tha ann no ceò ?
 Do m' shùil-sa cha léir le bròn ;
 Is i bàrca mo ghaoil a tha ann,
 A' leum thar sàile 'n a deann.
 285 Oidhche, na falaich a shiuil,
 Na sgaoil do sgiath air mo rùn !
 Greasam 's an sgoth so 'n a dhàil,
 Romh cheò na h-iargaile tlàith."

Dh' imich i, 's bàrca cha d' fhuair ;
 290 Bha 'n ceò luaineach le taibhse,
 A chleachd seoladh air lear o shean,
 'S a lean an àbhaist a b' aoibhinn.
 Tha sgoth na mnà ag imeachd
 Gu camus innis na Fréòine ;
 295 Tha chaol-ghealach troimh neula balbha,

Myself went to meet my love ;
 A blast from the desert wafted him from me.
 —But away, ye dreams of fear !

270 Chief of Strumon, thou *wilt* return ;
 Thy head as the sun's visage, fresh and young,
 When he riseth from the Cromlech of the ghosts ;
 Where the wayfarer by night doth tremble,
 With gibbering spectres on every side ;

275 At the first breath of morn they are fled,
 And with his staff he pursues his journey.
 Even thus shall I see thee, my love ;
 Is not yonder the likeness of thy bark ?
 Her sails like the foam of the rock,

280 Or as snow on the heights of the desert moor.
 Is it thy bark, or mist ?
 For weeping my eyes cannot see ;
 Yes, yonder is the bark of my love,
 Upon the briny wave fast bounding.

285 O night, hide not her sails,
 O'er my love's form spread not thy wings !
 In my skiff let me haste without delay,
 Through the mist of the twilight calm."

She went, but no bark was seen ;

290 'Twas some flitting phantom of mist,
 Sailing as he was wont of yore,
 And pursuing his customed pleasure.
 The wife's skiff onward flies
 To a creek on I-frona's shore ;

295 Calmly through the clouds the thin moon shines,

Cùl chrann, air farr-bhéinn a' seoladh.
 A's resulta romh shracadh nan nial
 Dubh-sgiathach air aghaidh na h-oidhche,
 A' leumnaich o nial gu nial,

300 'S mar thannas gu dian a' tréigsinn.
 Dhearc a' bhean 'n an dèarsadh caol
 Air aogas àluinn a mic;
 'S i 'g a fhàgail 'n a coit chaoil ;—
 "Oig mo ghaoil bi 'n so gun fhios ! "*

305 Mar cholum an carraig na h-Ulacha,
 'S i solar dhearca d'a h-àl beag,
 'S a' pilltinn gu tric, gun am blasad i féin,
 Tra dh' éireas an t-seabhadh 'n a smuainte ;
 B' amhuil a phill tri uairean Aoibhir,
 310 'S a h-anam mar thuinn air an luasgadh
 Bho bhàir gu bàir, 's an doinionn a' séideadh ;—
 Tra chual i guth-bròin o ghéig na tràghad. †

GOLL.—“ Tha mise, làmh threun nan cath,
 A' seargadh air tràigh am aonar ;

315 Gun fhios aig Oisean no Fionn air,
 Mur dean soillse nan speur dhoibh innseadh.
 Innsibh, a resulta ruiteach
 Do theach nan laoch mar thuit mi féin ;
 A's innsibh, a thaibhse nan sòn
 320 Mo sgeul-sa do Rìgh na Féinne !

* Al.—“ Iarram d' athair ri taobh na tuinn' so.”

† Al.—“ Chluinn mi guth bròin air uchd an àilidh.”

Behind the trees, o'er the ridge of the mountain
sailing.

The stars peer through the rents in the clouds,
Dark-brooding on the face of the night ;
And they glance from cloud to cloud,

300 Like spectres suddenly vanishing.

By the scanty beam the wife beholds
The beauteous face of her child ;
In the narrow skiff she leaves him awhile ;—
“ Child of my love, rest thou here unwitting ! ”*

305 Like a dove on Ulla’s rock,

That gathereth berries for her young ;
Oft she returns, nor tastes herself the food,
When rises the hawk within her thoughts.
Thus Evir-coma thrice returned,

310 Her soul like the billows tossing to and fro
From crag to crag, while the storm-wind is blowing ;
When from a tree of the shore she heard a voice
of woe.†

GAUL.—“ ‘Tis I, the hand once terrible in battle,
Pining upon this shore all alone ;

315 Yet nor Ossian nor Fingal know my fate,
If the lights of the firmament sound not forth the
Tell it, ye ruddy stars, [tale.
In the house of the heroes, that I am fallen !
Tell, ye spectres of the storm,

320 My story to the Chief of Fingal’s sons !

* *Al.*—“ I seek thy father beside yon waves.”

† *Al.*—“ I hear a voice of woe borne on the bosom of the breeze.”

Innsibh gu'm beil m' anam fo leon
 An I-Freòine, gun ibh gun ith,
 Ach sàile gorm re là a's là ;—
 Na faigheadh mo ghràdh air fios ;

325 An céin biodh imeachd ur sgiath,
 Gun fharum gun fhiamh dol seach ;
 Na cluinneadh mo ghaol ur guth,
 Mu 'n siubhail lionn-dubh air a h-inntinn ;
 An céin a rìs biodh ur rathad,

330 'S biodh aisling mo mhnatha-sa aoibhinn.
 —Tha mhadainn, a ghaoil, fad as ;
 Gabh fois le caidreamh do naoidhein.
 Am fuaim a' chaochain, am faoin-ghleann éilde,
 Biodh d' aisling aoibhinn, Aoibhir-chaomha !”

335 AOIBHIR-CHAOMH.—“ 'S an saoil thu gur fois domh
 féin,
 A's Goll am péin air ascaoin tràghad ?
 Mo chridhe cha chosail ri carraig,
 Cha robh m' athair o I na Freòine.
 —Ach c'ait am faigh mi furtachd do m' ghaol ?

340 Is cuimhne leam sgeula Chas-du-Conghlais.”

SGEULA CHAS-DU-CONGHLAIS.

Tra bha mi òg an glacaibh m' athar,
 Bha ar siubhal aon latha 's na cuaintean ;
 Shéid an doinionn sinn gu carraig
 (Bha Cri-soluis mar-ruinn 's an uair sin).*

* Al.—Chaidh ar curach a bhristadh 'n a bhruanaich.

Tell them my soul is wounded sore
 In I-frona ; no meat have I, nor drink,
 Save the blue briny wave from day to day.

But let not my love hear the tale ;

325 Far from her be the passing of your wings ;
 Without alarm all noiseless flit ye by.
 Let not my darling hear your voice,
 Lest boding thoughts travel across her mind ;
 Again, I say, far off direct your course,

330 And be my own wife's dreams ever joyous.
 —Still distant, my love, is the light of morn ;
 Rest thee on, thy fond babe embracing.
 By purling rills in the lonely glen of roes,
 Pleasant be thy dreams, Evir-coma !”

335 EVIR-COMA.—“ Dost thou think that myself could
 rest,
 And Gaul in pain upon an unkindly shore ?
 Not hard is my heart as a rock,
 Nor was my sire of the race of I-frona.
 —But where may I find sustenance for my love ?

340 I remember the tale of Cas-du-Conglas.”

STORY OF CAS-DU-CONGLAS.

When I was a child in my father's arms,
 Our course one day was upon the waves ;
 The storm-wind drove us upon a rock ;
 (Cri-sollis was with us in that hour).*

* *Al.*—Our frail bark (coracle) was dashed in fragments.

345 Tri chroinn ghlasa gun duilleach,
 Bha 'n sin air bàrr tuinne 'g an luasgadh ;
 Mu 'n cois bha fàs nan dearg-dhearcag,
 Cha d' rinn m' athair am blasad ged bhuan e.
 " A Chri-soluis, tha d' fheum-sa mòr ;
 350 Am màireach foghnaidh dhomhsa m' aonach."
 Thàinig madainn 's am feasgar mu seach,
 Ach b' i charraig ar teach an còmhnaidh.
 Curach de bharrach nan crann
 Dheilbh m' athair, a's b' fhann a chòmhradh.
 355 —" A Chridhe 'n t-soluis, caidleam féin,
 Tra thig am fè biodh sibhs' a' gluasad." *

CRI-SOLUIS.—" Gun mo ghaol ni 'n gluaiseam
 féin ;
 Gun fhios domh an d' eug d' anam ?
 C'uim' nach d' ith thu subhan an fhàsaich ?
 360 Gabh, a ghràidh, o na ciocchan so bainne."
 Rinn e mar dh' iarr i, 's phill a lùgh ;
 Thuit a' ghaoth 's bu dlù I-dronlo.
 Bu tric a luadh air sgeula mo ghràidh,
 Tra thàramaid aig uaigh Chri-soillse.
 365 " Aoibhir-chaomha na gnùise tlàith,
 Thigeadh do mhàthair gu d' chuimhne,
 Ma thàrlas dut féin 's do d' leannan,
 Mac-samhuil e so do ghàbhadh."

AOIBHIR-CHAOMH.—" Is amhuil, a's bheirim
 mar iocshlaint,

* *Al.*—An céin tha aimsir mo dhùsgaidh.

345 Three gray and leafless trees were there,
 O'er the crests of the billows waving to and fro ;
 At their foot red berries were growing ;
 These my father plucked, yet tasted not.
 "Cri-sollis," he cried, "thine own need is great ;
 350 To-morrow my own moor shall yield me food."
 Morn came, and evening in its turn,
 Yet upon that rock we still abode.
 A coracle from the branches of the trees
 My father wove, and feeble grew his speech.
 355 —"Heart of light, I needs must sleep ;
 When comes the calm, bestir thee and haste away."*

CRI-SOLLIS.—"Without my love I surely will
 not stir ;
 Was thy soul perishing, and I knew it not ?
 Why atest thou not of the wild berries ?
 360 Take, my love, of my own breasts this milk."
 He did ass he besought, and his strength returned ;
 The wind fell, and I-dronlo soon was nigh.
 Oft would he tell the tale I loved to hear,
 As we wandered near Cri-sollis' tomb.
 365 "Evir-coma," he would say, "maid of softest face,
 Bear thou thy mother's deed in thy remembrance,
 If ever thyself and thy beloved
 In peril like my own should chance to be."

EVIR-COMA.—"Such is it now ; a cordial let me
 bring,

* *Al.*—Far distant is the time of my waking.

370 Bainne mo chiochan do m' ghaol ;
 Foghnaidh sin da an nochd,
 'S bidh sinn socair air tràigh am màireach."

GOLL.—“ Imichs' a gheug àillidh,
 Gu d' thràigh mu 'n dùisg an t-soillse ;
 375 Imich a d' sgoth le d' leanabh a' d'uchd !
 C'ui'm' an tuit e mar mhaoth-bhlàthan,
 Air a sgathadh le sleagh gun iochd,
 An làimh laoich gun sliochd gun chàirdeas ?
 Thuit e 's a cheann fo bhruaidlein ;
 380 Le cheileir-cruadail tha 'n laoch ag imeachd.
 —Imich, 's fàg mise 'n I-Freòine ;
 'S mi leonte, mar chladach gun chaochan ;
 Mar luibh a' seargadh romh ghaoith-gheamhraidh,
 Nach tog a ceann le gréin a' chéitein.
 385 Thugadh na tréin-fhir mi gu 'n talamh !
 Ach thàinig smal air mo chliù-sa.
 Fo 'n chrann so càireadh iad m' uaigh.
 Chi 'n coigreach o stuaidh an t-sàil' i ;
 Crathaidh e cheann a's e 'g acain,
 390 'Faic far an d' eug Mac-Morna !'"

AOIBHIR-CHAOMH.—“ 'S eugaidh mise le m' ghaol,
 Caidleam ri thaobh fo 'n fheur ;
 Bidh ar leaba 's a' bhàs co-ionann,
 'S ar taibhs' an co-imeachd nan speur.
 395 Chi òighean ar ceuma 's an oidhche ;
 ' Nach aoibhneach (their iad) a chàraid !'
 —A choigrich nan steud, guil a rithis,

370 Even the milk of my own breasts, to my love ;
 This to-night shall supply thy need,
 Safe on our own shore will we rest at morn."

GAUL.—“Retire, thou beauteous maiden, [light ;
 That thou wake not on this shore at the morning
 375 To thy skiff with the babe at thy bosom hence away !
 Why should he fall, even as a tender blossom
 Lopped by the remorseless spear in a warrior’s hand,
 That owneth himself no kin nor offspring ?
 With drooping head to earth he prostrate falls ;
 380 The warrior with song unfeeling goes his way.
 —Retire then, and leave me here in I-frona ;
 I am wounded ; yea, as a streamless beach am I ;
 As the herb which the winter’s blast hath withered,
 That doth not raise its head to the sun of spring.
 385 Let the heroes convey me to their land !
 But no ; a cloud has passed upon my glory.
 Rather beneath this tree let them raise my tomb.
 The stranger shall see it from the briny wave ;
 Weeping, he will shake his head, and cry,
 390 ‘Behold the spot where died the son of Morni !’”

EVIR-COMA.—“I also would die with my love,
 By his side beneath the sward let me repose ;
 Together in death our couch shall be laid,
 And our ghosts shall flit together through the sky.
 395 The virgins by night shall mark our course ;
 ‘Behold,’ they will say, ‘the blissful lovely pair !’
 —Stranger upon the wave, shed once again the tear ;

Tha dithis 'n an cadal 's an àr so !

Ach ciod so 'n guth tha 'm chluais ?

400 Guth Og'uill, 's e truagh gun fhurtachd.

Tha m' anam féin a' mosgladh,

'S a' plosgail gun chlos am innibh.

Is c'uim' an éirich anam Ghuill ?

C'uim' an cluinnear accain ghoirt ?

405 An guil mar so athair a mhac,

'S an eol da accain màthar ?

Ar leam gu'm beil d' anam a' leum ;

Giùlaineam féin thu thun ar mic.

'S eutrom an t-uallach mo ghràdh !

410 Faigheam am làimh do lorg."

Ghiùlain i 'n laoch gus a sgoth ;

'S fad na h-oidhche chothaich ri steudaibh.

Chunnaic gach reul a treise 'g a fàgail ;

Fhuair a' mhadainn gun chàil mar neul i.

415 Air an oidhche sin 's mis' air an raon,

Thàinig gu m' chadal an t-aos-Mhorna ;

Bha thaice ri luirg air chrith,

A's aghaidh snidheach ro-bhrònach.

Gach clais 'n a ghnùis bha làn

420 Le sruthan ànrrach na h-aoise ;

Tri uairean sheall e thar lear,

Tri uairean bha accain caointeach.

"An cadal do charaid mhic Morna,

'S an àm bu chòir dha dùsgadh ?"

Two are sleeping beneath this plain !

But what cry is it that I hear ?

400 'Tis Og'al, my helpless babe, in trouble.
 My fond heart awaketh at the sound,
 And restless throbs within my bosom.
 And why is stirred the soul of Gaul ?
 Why hear I that sigh of anguish sore ?

405 Weeps thus a father for his child,
 Or knows he a mother's sorrow ?
 I feel the beating of thy heart ;
 Myself to our son will bear thy form.
 Light will be the burden, my love !

410 Let me take in my hand thy staff."

To the skiff the warrior she bore ;
 All night long she battled with the waves.
 Each star beheld her strength forsaking her ;
 All nerveless as mist was she found at morn.

415 That night I was sleeping on the plain,
 To my dreams came the aged Morni ;
 He leaned upon a trembling staff,
 His face was moist with the tears of woe.
 Each furrow in his cheek was filled

420 With the sorrowful streams of age ;
 Thrice gazed he forth upon the sea,
 Thrice sounded his plaintive sigh.
 "Sleeps now the friend of the son of Morni,
 At a time when he should be waking ?"

425 Thàinig osag 'n a cuibhlidh 's a' phreas,
 Dhùisg i coileach an fhraoich.
 Le tuireadh-glaoidh thog e cheann ;
 A m' chadal chlisg mi féin,
 A's chunnas Morna 'n a neul 'g am fhàgail.

430 Leanas thar muir a cheum,
 A's fhuaras an sgéith na h-innse 'n sgoth.
 An taice r'a taobh bha ceann mo Ghuill,
 Ri taobh uilne bha sgiath nan cath ;
 Thar a bile bha creuchd mu leth,

435 'S i dearg-shruthadh mu chnapa-starra.
 Thogas a chlogaid ; chunnas a chiabhan
 'N an ànradh fiar am fallus.
 Dh' éirich mo bhùirich féin,
 'S thog esan air éiginn a shùil.

440 Thàin' an t-eug mar smal na gréine ;—
 Tuille cha léir dhut d' Oscar !
 Tha àilleachd Aoibheir-chaomha fo smal,
 'S bàrr sleagh aig a mac gun smuairean :
 B' fhann a guth ; bu tearc a ràite.

445 Thogas féin le m' làimh a suas i ;
 Ach leag i mo bhas air ceann a mic,
 'S a h-acain gu tric ag éirigh.

OISIAN.—“ A leinibh chaoimh, is diomhain d'
 fhuran !

Do mhàthair tuille cha 'n éirich.

450 Biom féin dut am dhearbh-athair,
 Ach ni 'm mairionn an Aoibhir-àluinn.

425 A blast came whirling through the copse,
 It roused the cock of the heather.
 With shrill cry he lifted his head ;
 I myself started from my slumber,
 And saw Morni on his cloud departing.

430 O'er the sea I pursued his track,
 In shelter of the isle the skiff I found.
 Propped against its side was the head of my Gaul,
 Fast by his elbow lay his shield of war ;
 Over its border half appeared the wound,

435 Around his spear's knob all purple flowing.
 I lifted his helm ; his locks were seen,
 In sweat-drops all disordered streaming.
 Then burst forth the anguish of my soul ;
 Hardly the hero raised his eye.

440 Death came, as a cloud upon the sun ;
 Thy Oscar shalt thou see no more !
 Clouded is Evir-coma's beauty now,
 Her child all careless holds the head of the spear ;
 Faint is her voice, her words are few.

445 With my hand I sought to raise her up ;
 But she laid upon her son's head its palm,
 While thick and fast her sighs arose.

OSSIAN.—“ My sweet child, vain is all thy fondling !

Thy mother shall arise no more.

450 I myself will be thy father true,
 But Evir-allin no longer in life remains.

—Ach ciod mu'm beil m' anam cho meat?
 Theirgeadh mo dheoir na'n tuirinn gach ànradh."

Ràineas talla nan còs-shruth,
 455 Talla dubhach làn eislein,
 Gun fhonn bàird, gun chruit-chiuil,
 Ach fuaim duillich a dhùisg an treun-ghaoth.
 Laidh an iolair air bàrr an teach,
 Shònraich i clù-nead dh'i féin.

460 "Co dhìreas am mullach, no dh'fhògras
 M' eoin ria'ch 'n an leabaidh shèimh?"
 Crùbaidh fo 'n dorus am minnean,
 'S e 'g a faicinn air binnean na carraige.
 Tha Cos-ullamh 'n a laidh' air an stairsnich,
 465 'S e farum Ghuill a th'ann, tha e 'm barail,
 'S le aiteas tha dheoir a' tréigsinn.
 Ach tha thuireadh a' pilleadh ('s e laidhe')
 Cha 'n fhaic e ach mac na h-éilde.

Ach co dh'innseas airsneal na Féinne?
 470 'S iad mall a' tearnadh mar cheathach,
 Tra bhios fhaileas ri àm na frois',
 A' gluasad air faiche na luachrach.
 Iosal chi iad cliar nan cath,
 'S an deoir a' sileadh mar bhaimne na h-ailbhinn.
 475 Leig Fionn a thaice ri giuthas aosd'
 A leag a' ghaoth, aig ceann mhic Morna;
 'N a dhuala liath bha dheoir am falach,
 A's ula geal an sranna na sìne.

—But why thus craven is this soul of mine ?
In mourning every sorrow my tears would fail."

We reached the halls of the converging streams;

455 Halls all gloomy and full of woe.

No song of bards nor music of harp is there ;
Nought but the rustling of leaves which the rough
wind wakes.

On the house-top the eagle percheth aloft,
She chooseth it for the place of her nest.

460 "Who may scale the height, or drive away

My brown younglings from their quiet bed ?"

Beneath the door the young fawn is crouching,
He looks upward to the pinnacle of the crag.
Cos-ulla lies upon the threshold ;

465 The sound of Gaul's tread he seems to hear,

And with joy the tear starts from his eye.

But his grief returns, as again he lays him down,
For nought save the young roe doth he descry.

But who may tell the heaviness of Fingal's sons ?

470 Slowly they issue forth like the mist,

When its shadow comes in time of rain,

Moving over the rush-grown mead.

The hero of battles they see laid low,

And as the ooze of a jutting rock their tears

475 Fingal leans him to an aged pine [descend.

By the wind o'erturned, at the head of the son of

His gray tresses hide his tears ; [Morni ;

In the whistling blast his hoary beard is waving.

MAR CHAOIDH FIONN MAC MORNA.

'S a laoich feara na Feinne,
 480 'N d' fhàg thu mise leam féin am aois ?
 Tuille nach cluinn mi d' éigheach,
 No farum do sgéith air an raon ?
 Nach soillsich tuille do chlaidheamh,
 Le 'm faigheamar buaidh na làraich ?
 485 Nach marcaich 's an t-sìn do long,
 'S nach cluinnear leam fonn do ràmhach ?
 Tra thuirleas m' anam an ceò,
 Tra dh' aomas neul àir mo chiabh,
 Nach cluinn mi o mhacaibh nam fonn,
 490 "Sid air lear long Mhic Morna ?"
 Fonn nan òighean a's guth nam bàrd
 Gu bràth cha 'n éirich a' d' chòmhail ;
 Cha 'n fhaic na sléibhte do bhratach ;
 Cha chluinnear d' acain no d' òran.
 495 Cha 'n 'eil imeachd do chon air an t-sliabh,
 Tha iad siar aig d' fhàrdaich, brònach ;
 Tha damh na cròic air an fhaiche,
 Cha 'n fhiù leo fhaicinn, 's nach beo thu.
 Och ! a lù-choin, dh' imich an laoch ;
 500 Cha chluinn sibh 's an aonach a ghuth.
 An so tha chadal, gun seilg air ùigh ;
 'S beum-sgéith, a Ghuill, cha dùisg thu !
 Ciod e spionnadh an laoich ?
 Ged sgaoil e mar dhuilleach an cath,
 505 An diugh ge treun air an raon,
 Bheir an daol am màireach buaidh air.

HOW FINGAL LAMENTED THE SON OF MORNI.

Warrior chief among the host of Fingal,
 480 Hast thou left me in *eld forlorn* ?
 Thy voice shall I hear no more,
 Nor the clang of thy shield upon the plain ?
 No longer flashes thy sword,
 By which victory in the field may be won ?
 485 Shall thy bark not ride in the storm,
 Nor the song of thy rowers by me be heard ?
 When my spirit is sinking in mist,
 When bows the cloud of war my bending hair,
 Shall I hear no more from the sons of song,
 490 "Yonder upon the sea is the ship of Morni's son?"
 The song of maidens and the voice of bards
 No more shall arise to greet thee ;
 The mountains shall not see thy banner wave ;
 No cry nor song of thine shall now be heard.
 495 Thy hounds range not the mountain-side,
 Down at thy home in mournful plight they bide ;
 The antlered deer is on the plain,
 But they heed him not, because thou art no more.
 Ah ! fleet hounds, the hero hath departed ;
 500 His voice upon the moor ye shall not hear.
 Thus sleeps he now, nor careth for the chase ;
 The smiting of the shield, O Gaul, shall not arouse
 What availeth the warrior's strength ? [thee !
 Though he scatter as falling leaves the array of
 505 Though to-day he be terrible in the field, [battle,
 To-morrow the beetle shall triumph o'er him.

C'uum', a dheoraidh, ghuidh thu dhut fén
 Treise Ghuill 'n a éideadh-stàilinn ?
 Tra dhealruich e mar eigh an gath-gréine,
 510 'S gearr ge h-aoibhinn a dhèarsadh.
 Mar neul ruiteach ré an laoich ;
 Chi 'n sealgair, 's an oidhch' a' taosgadh.
 " 'S àluinn a dhreach mar bhogh' na frois !"
 Sheall e, 's cha 'n fhaic e aogas.
 515 Luath mar fhìreun an adhair,
 'S an ioma-ghaoth 'n a plathadh fo sgiathan,
 Shiubhail an dreach àillidh,
 'S 'n a àite tha 'n ceathach ciar-dhubh.
 Tuille ni'm mairionn do Gholl,
 520 Ach mairidh e 'm fonn nan teud ;
 Ni h-amhuil a's ceò air an fhrois
 Cliù treise nan treun-laoch.

Càiribh, a chlanna nan teud,
 Leaba Ghuill 's a dheo-gréine làmh ris,
 525 Far am faicear innis o chéin,
 A's geugan os àird 'g a sgàileadh.
 Fo sgéith na daraig is guirme blàth,
 Is luaithe fàs 's is buaine dreach,
 A bhrùchdas a duilleach air anail na frois,
 530 'S an raon m' an cuairt d'i seargte.
 A duilleach o iomall na tire,
 Chìtear le eoin an t-samhraidh ;
 Is laidhidh gach eun mar a thig
 Air bàrraibh na géige ùrair.*

* *Al.*—géige na Strumhoin.

Why, stranger, for thine own self did'st thou
 For the might of Gaul in his mail of steel? [pray
 When like ice in the sun's ray it shone,
 510 Transient, though joyous, is the beam of his glory.
 Like a ruddy cloud is the hero's life; [around it.
 The hunter beholds, and lo! the night is shed
 "Fair," he cries, "as the rainbow is its form!"
 He gazes, and its face is no more seen.
 515 Swift as an eagle of the air,
 And the whirlwind in gusts beneath her wings,
 The beauteous form hath vanished away,
 And the dark black mist is in its room.
 Though no more alive be Gaul,
 520 He shall live in the music of strings;
 Not fleeting as the mist upon the shower
 Is the fame of the valiant hero's might.

Prepare, ye sons of the strings,
 The bed of Gaul, and of his sunbeam by him,
 525 Where the headland may be seen from afar,
 And branches on high o'ershadow it.
 Beneath the wings of an oak of greenest foliage,
 Of fastest growth and most enduring form,
 Which will shoot forth its leaves at the breath of the
 530 When the heath all around is withered. [shower,
 Its leaves from the land's farthest bounds
 Shall be seen by the birds of summer;
 And each bird shall perch as it comes
 On the tops of its verdant bough.*

* *Al.*—branches of Strumon.

535 Cluinnidh Goll an ceilear 'n a cheò,
 'S òighean a' séinn air Aoibhir-chaomha ;
 'S gus an caochail gach ni dhiu so,
 Cha sgarar ur cuimhne bho chéile.
 Gus an cròn gu luaithre a' chlach,

540 'S an searg as le h-aois a' gheug so ;
 Gus an sguir na sruthain a ruith,
 'S an déabh màthair-uisge nan sléibhteann ;
 Gus an caillear an dìlinn aois
 Gach filidh 's dàn a's aobhar sgéil ;

545 Cha 'n fheoraich an t-aineol "Co mac Morna?"
 No "Cia i còmhnaidh Ghuill nan lù-chon?" *

* *Al.—rìgh na Stru-mhoin?*

535 Gaul in his cloud shall hear their warbling,
While maidens are singing of Evir-coma ;
Until all of these shall pass away
Your memory shall not be disunited.
Till the stone shall crumble into dust,

540 And this tree with age shall decay ;
Till the flowing of the streams shall cease,
And the source of the mountain-waters run dry ;
Till is lost in the flood of time
Each bard and song and theme of story ;

545 The strangers shall not ask, "Who was Morni's son?"
Or, "Where was the dwelling of Gaul of the fleet
hounds?" *

* *Al.*—the Chief of Strumon.

N O T E S.



DARGO.—PART I.

1. *Dearg*, 'red,' i.e., 'red-haired'; not an uncommon appellation. This Dargo was the son of Collath, and the most celebrated of all who bore the name. Another poem in this collection is called *Dearg mac Drui 'bheil*.

2. 'S e 'g éisdeachd, lit., 'and he listening.' Cf. l. 145, 's i 'g am thréigsinn, and numerous other instances. Two points of construction are here to be noticed—(1.) *Ag*, with the verb-noun infinitive instead of a pres. participle; as *a' briseadh*, 'frangens,' etc., lit., 'at breaking' (or 'a breaking'). For the past part. *iar* is used, commonly miswritten *air* (see on *Gaul* 30). So in Welsh, *yn dysgu*, 'docens'; *wedi dysgu*, 'cum docuisset'; and in the passive, *wedi fy mysyu* ('after my teaching')= 'doctus'; whereas Gaelic has a real passive participle in *-te*, as *glaiste*, l. 16. (2.) The use of *agus* (shortened to 's) with an infinitive, or even with an adjective or equivalent phrase without any verb, as 's e gu tinn, 'and he sick,' etc. This may be variously rendered by a participle simply, or by a verb preceded by a conjunction, such as 'when,' 'while,' 'as,' etc.; for a few instances of which out of many see l. 285; Part II. 120, 192; *Gaul* 96, 188, 272, 336, 447. Sometimes this form is admissible in English, as in the translation I have given of *Gaul* 336, or in such a sentence as, "It's past ten o'clock, and you not up yet!" It is more common in lowland Scotch, e.g., Burns' *Braes of Doon*, ll. 3, 4—

"How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?"

3. For the belief about ghosts, see Introduction. *Cridh-mìn*, 'gentle' or 'tender heart.' This was Dargo's second wife (see Part II.); his first being *Cridh-mòr*, 'large heart.'

9. *Cumhal*=*Caomhail*, 'kindly.' He was the father of Fingal, who is therefore called 'Mac-Chumhail' (*Fingal* iv. 178, *Covala*, 82, etc.) The same name, but belonging to another person, occurs in *Fingal* II. 465 foll., of whom it is said—'Bha aghaidh cho sèimh ri dighe,' 'Mild as a maiden's was his face.'

13. "In ancient times large flagstones were raised over the tombs of eminent persons. Many of these are still to be seen" (Smith). Cf. *Fingal* I. 187, 'Tha ceithir clachan air Cath-baid taisgte 's an uaigh'; also v. 243. In *Temora* II. 545, three stones are mentioned.

17. *Innis-fàile*. The etymology is uncertain. It is probably 'the isle of the Falans,' said to be an ancient Irish race (*Fingal* vi. 421, 'na Phàil an Eirinn). Other derivations are—1. 'Isle of fate.' The *lia-fàile* was the 'fatal stone' on which the Irish kings were first crowned; afterwards brought over to Dunstaffnage, and thence to Scone, and finally, in 1300, to Westminster by Edward I., where it now forms part of the coronation chair. 2. 'Isle of the jewel' (*fail*), i.e., 'the gem of the sea,' or the Emerald Isle (see Moore's *Irish Melodies*). Morven and Innisfail were generally allied against Lochlinn.

22. *Beum-sgéith*, the usual signal for battle. Cf. 212, 304; *Gaul* 120, etc.; *Fingal* I. 51 foll. "The *crann-tàra*, or 'beam of gathering,' used for a signal of distress, was a piece of wood half burnt and dipt in blood" (Smith). All readers are familiar with the 'cross of fire' in Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.

39. *Arsa* (properly *orsa*, altered from *or-se*) is said to be for *do radh se*. Latin, *inquit*.

41. *Lochlann*, Scandinavia or Norway. The derivation may be—(1.) 'Lake of swords' (cf. *Cath-loda* I. 230, 'Lochlann nan gorm *lann*'); or, (2.) from *linn*, in reference to the Baltic, which is a sea-lake; or, (3.) *lann* may be Teutonic= *land*, i.e., 'land of lakes.'

42. 'G ar leireadh, lit., 'at our pursuit,' i.e., pursuing of us. Welsh, *yn ein canlyn*. See note on l. 2, and cf. l. 27, 'n ar còmhaghail,' 31, 'n ar coinneamh.'

46. *Ear* should be *iar*, as *noir* and *ear* both mean 'east.' But perhaps *ear* should be retained on account of the rhyme with *lear* preceding, and *noir* might be altered to *iar*.

49. *Mòr-bheinn*, "the great mountain," means the western Highlands generally, and not merely the small district now called Morven. The eastern boundary is said to have been *Drumalbin*, which is understood to mean "those high mountains which run from Lochlomond to the Frith of Tain" (Smith).

53. The repetition of *arsa Cumhal* from l. 39 is perhaps weak, but it serves to mark the transition from the preceding apostrophe to the direct narrative.

58. *Lionor*, shortened from *lion-mhòr*.

59. *Trèunnor*, 'fierce (and) mighty'; father of Cual, and grandfather of Fingal. His story is told in *Fingal* vi. 58 foll. The notion of fighting with ghosts and supernatural powers, even

with the gods themselves, was a familiar one in Scandinavian mythology. In *Carrichtura* 298 foll., Fingal defeats the spirit-form of Loda (Odin), and cleaves him with his sword; Cormar fights with the storm-spectre (*Fingal* III. 175). See also *Gaul* 145. In Homer we find the heroes fighting with the gods, and wounding them, *e.g.*, Diomede wounds Aphrodite and Ares (*Iliad*, Bk. v.) For the idea of ghosts pursuing their wonted earthly avocations see Introduction, and cf. v. 139, *Gaul* 290.

64. The etymology of *Ulainn* is doubtful; it may be from *uile-bhinn* 'all-melodious.' This is probable from the fact of proper names being always descriptive, as *Oisian*, which is supposed to be from *séinn*, 'to sing,' *Orran* from *óran*, etc. (Clerk's *Ossian*).

77. *Air a chrathadh*, lit., 'after its shaking;' Welsh, *yn crynu, yn ei siglo*. See note on l. 2.

80. *Ràite*, a form of *ràdh*. It often means 'vain talk' (*verboitus*), and has something of that force here, since Dargo is impatient at not being recognised.

84. *Gealchas*, 'white-foot.' It occurs as a feminine name in *Fingal* v. 272, the beloved of *Làmh-dhearg*.

86. *Dean, thoir*, etc., are often used with nouns for the simple tense of a verb, especially with such nouns as have no verbal form, as *rinn e guth*, 'he spake,' etc. (Munro's *G. Gram.*, p. 138). So *thoir ionnsaigh*=*impetum facere*. Compare the English, 'do no murder,' for 'do not kill.'

87. (also 99). *Ghios* should be *dhios*, as it stands for *dh'fhios*, lit., 'to the knowledge of,' hence 'towards.'

88. Bows were made of yew, as they are now. "Among the Highlanders of later times that which grew in the wood of *Easragain*, in Lorn, was esteemed the best. The feathers for the arrows were furnished by the eagles of *Loch Treig*, the wax for the string by *Baile-na-gailbhinn*, and the arrow-heads by the smiths of the race of *Mac Pheidearain*" (Smith).

90. *Mac na h-éilde*. Cf. *mac talla*, 'echo' ('son of the hall'), *mac praisich*, 'whisky' ('son of the pot'), *mac leabhair*, 'volume of a book,' etc.

96. I have altered *chumhainn* to *chuimhne*, 'remembrance,' because it makes the required sense, whereas *cumhainn*, 'narrow,' makes none at all; and I have done this with greater confidence, as the same misreading occurs in *Gaul* 340, where there is no doubt as to the meaning. It will be observed that Dr. Smith omits this and the next three lines in his translation.

99. *Ghios* for *dhios*. See on l. 87. 'N ar còmhdaile. See on l. 42.

104. *Air mo luasgadh*. See on l. 77.

107. *Tràghad*, here in its primary meaning of 'ebb,' from *tragh*, or *traogh*, 'to subside.' Welsh, *traeth*.

111. Distinguish *fóill*, 'pursuit,' from *foill*, 'treachery' (*Gaul* 138).

120. *Cri-mora*. See on l. 3.

126. Dr. Smith remarks that poetical descriptions, such as the following, combined with the natural features of the country acting upon a superstitious imagination, have tended to confirm Highlanders in their pretensions to 'second sight.' Be this as it may, the belief in 'wraiths,' or appearances of persons at the moment of their death, is very prevalent in Scotland, nor is it confined to that country. Some of those stories moreover are too well authenticated to be dismissed without at least some examination.

129. *An t-aobhar*, *i.e.*, to warn him of her death. See preceding note.

135. *Rinn fuireach*. See on l. 86.

137. *Fial*. Hospitality was (and still is) a prominent Highland virtue; hence *fial* and similar epithets are constantly recurring. Cf. Part II. 58, 70, 170. In *Oina-morrul* 102, Malorcol is termed *slige na fial*, 'the shell of hospitality' (unless Dr. Clerk's suggestion, *fear-slige*, be right). For 'the shell,' see on II. 15. Even enemies were not excepted, *e.g.*, in *Fingal* I. 517, Cuchullin invites his foe, Swaran, to join the feast; and Fingal himself does the same on another occasion (III. 338).

145. 'S i 'g am thréigsinn (also next line). See on l. 2.

155. *Fo éislean*, lit., 'under heaviness.' Cf. *Cath-loda* II. 16, 'Bha m' anam, a rígh, fo bhròn.'

156. Cf. *Fingal* v. 490, 'Bha h-anam a' snàmh an cèò,' and the same line in *Temora* VII. 401.

161. 'Place,' *i.e.*, accustomed abode, as formerly in English,—'And Abraham returned to his *place*' (Gen. xviii. 33).

163, 173. "The lake of Lanno in Scandinavia, and that of Lego in Ireland, were supposed to emit noxious vapours." Hence the form of imprecation, 'Cèò na Lanna 's na Leig ort!' 'The mist of Lanna and Lego alight on thee!' (Smith). Lego is described in the opening lines of *Temora* VII. as a wooded lake, whence mists are ever rising, in which the souls of the dead are compelled to float until the songs of the bards arise to waft them upward. See on *Gaul* 159.

174. *i.e.*, 'Shall my death be celebrated in song,' in reference to the *cumhadh* or 'dirge,' l. 171.

175. I take this to mean, 'in this world and the next.' Cual desires that his fame may live after death in the song of bards. Cf. *Gaul* 520.

177. *Crann-tùraidh*. See on l. 22.

183. Cf. Æsch., *Septem contra Thebas* 53, ἀς "Αρην δεδορκόταν.

187. Cf. *Cath-loda* I. 7. 'Mhalmhina nan teud. In II. 149 of the same poem, Ullin is called, 'Ulainn nan clàrsach 's nan dàn.'

188. *Nan sgiath*, a distinctive epithet of Trenmor (*Cath-loda* II. 52, etc.), and also of Fingal. In *Fingal* IV. 126, the chieftain is said to 'lean upon the shield of Trenmor, the large broad shield of dusky hue.' Cf. *Temora* I. 733.

189. *Caoilte*, probably from *caol*, 'slender,' i.e., 'swift' (ποδὰς ὀχύς, like Achilles). In a lay called the Song of the Smithy (*Duan na Ccàrdach*), the story is told of his overtaking the Lochlinn smith Luno, from whom the Fingalians got their arms (Clerk's *Ossian*). See note on 'Mac an Luno,' *Gaul* 229.

Eite, probably from *éitidh*, 'wild,' and perhaps the same locality as Loch Etive (Clerk). Or from *eiteach*, 'burnt heather' (?).

192. *Min-bheul*, 'delicate mouth.' Cf. *Mìn-onn* II. 42, *mìn-bhas*, supra, 166, *Crì-mine*, etc.

193. "The *curach* was a small boat made of wicker, and covered with hides." The coracle in which St. Columba sailed from Ireland has given its name to *Port-a-churaich* in Iona, where its bed is still shown (Smith). See *Gaul* 353.

205. Lit., 'rills of wailing.'

206. Cf. I. 227. In *Carrietura* 101, Shilric says that the hunter may rest by his tombstone, and take his meal there after the chase.

211. Lit., 'it would cause uneasiness to the sea-fowl.' *Déisinn* (properly *deistinn*) is what causes disgust, or sets the teeth on edge.

212. See on I. 22.

225. Dargo is supposed to ask this, but Culda is too absorbed with grief to heed him. It implies that he was kind to the boy, and taught him manly exercises. The bow might be cut from a yew-tree (l. 88) overhanging the tomb.

227. Lit., 'as a resting-place from the chase upon the moor.' See on I. 206.

231. *A's mi*, etc. See on I. 2.

236. Lit., 'if my judgment is right.'

238. *Stuadh* is 'a gable;' hence anything high, as a cloud, a mountainous wave (*stua' għlas*, I. 45), etc. Can *uinneig stuadhaich* mean 'a window in the gable' here?

245. Or 'antlered deer' (?). Cf. *Gaul* 497. In *Carthon* 264, the chief towers in front of the host, 'mar cheannard ruadh-eilid nan cruach.'

246. *Eirinn*, prob.=*iarinn* (or *iar-fhonn*), 'western land.'

253. *Caoireall*, perhaps from the root *car* or *gair*, 'sound' (Clerk); Greek, *γῆγεν*. In *Fingal* I. Carill is Cuchullin's bard.

254. *Connal*, 'impetuosity' (Clerk). He is the friend of Cuchullin in *Fingal*.

255. This was called the *Brosnachadh-catha*, or 'instigation to battle.' Tacitus (*Germania* c. 3) describes the war-song of the ancient Germans, called by them *barritus*, of which he says, "Futuræ pugnæ fortunam ipso cantu augurantur . . . affec-tatur præcipue asperitas soni et fractum murmur, objectis ad os scutis, quo plenior et gravior vox repercu-su intumescat." The effect of the song of Tyrtæus upon the Spartans in their Messenian wars is a matter of history (Smith). In *Fingal* IV. 295 Ullin is bidden to 'bear up the battle with song which arouseth war.' So Virgil, *Aeneid* vi., describes Misenus as able 'ære ciere viros Martemque accendere cantu.'

263. *Geug* is often used of a youth, especially of a maiden. Cf. *Gaul* 373, *Fingal* III. 143, etc. With the metaphor in this line compare Byron's Sennacherib—

"As leaves in the forest, when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn."

268, foll. The Fingalians were generous enough to lament their foes, as well as their own men, if they had proved valiant. Fingal (v. 185) bids his sons 'raise high the memory of Orla,' though he was a Lochlinn warrior, and therefore an enemy.

269. *Féinne* are the 'men of Fingal'; the name is identical with 'Fenian,' and might be so rendered, were it not for the modern association of the latter word. As a leader of Ossianic poetry their leader is styled *Fionn*, and sometimes *Fionn-ghael*, 'the fair stranger' (see *Gaul* 65); or possibly from *fionn-gheal*, a primitive form of the superlative = 'very fair' (Clerk).

The *Tuireadh Armhoir* is also called *Cumhadh an Fhir mhòir*.

272. Dr. Smith cites Amos ii. 9, 'His height was as the height of cedars, his strength was as the strength of oaks.'

273. Cf. 2 Sam. i. 23 (lament over Saul and Jonathan), 'They were swifter than eagles'; *Calhon and Covala* 274, 'Bha 'n neartsa mar iolair nan speur.'

274. "Loda is supposed to have been the Odin of the Scandinavians" (Smith). The story of the *Cruth-Loduinn* in *Carricthura* points to a Norse origin.

291. Dr. Smith quotes Thomson, *Summer*, 941 foll.—

"Day after day
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,

And views the main that ever toils below ;
 Still fondly forming on the farthest verge . . .
 Ships dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds."

292. *Fiamh-ghaire*, lit., 'a slight tinge of a laugh,' i.e., 'smile.'

294. *Cuir*, an auxiliary verb, like *dean*, etc. (see on l. 86); lit., 'put' or 'make greeting.' So *τίθημι* is sometimes used, as *θίνεις σκέδασιν, αἴνον* etc., = *σκέδασαι, θίνειν* etc.

295. Lit., 'and she clasping,' etc. (see on l. 2). In *Temora* III. 232 the wife of Turla vainly in dreams expects her lord's return—

‘A bhean ghasda an aislinge faoin
 A 'sguoileadh aig baile a lámhan.'

302. So Moschus III. 116, says of the slumber of the tomb—

ἀγάποος ἐν χθονὶ κοιλᾳ
 εὐδομεῖς εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἀπέρμονα οὐγρετον ὑπνον.

305. The 'narrow house' is a common expression for 'the grave' in Ossianic poetry. See l. 316, below.

306. Lit., 'in spite of each conflict,' etc.

311. *Éighe còmhraig*, also called *gaoir-chatha* (Smith). See note on l. 255.

314. *Laighean* is either Leinster or a part of Ulster (the *Lagenia* of Ptolemy). It seems as if the reading here were a mistake for *Lochlann*, as Armor was a chief of that country. Dr. Smith, in his translation, says "king of *Lochlinn*," though he puts *Loi'cann* in his Gaelic text. In a letter of 1798 (Highland Society's Report on Ossian, 1805) he observes that the term *Lochlinn* is often wrongly used; e.g., a certain Connal Gulbann is called 'mac rìgh *Lochlann*,' instead of *Laigheann*. Here therefore the mistake may be just the other way.

315. Lit., 'many were the pursuits made by him;' *cuir ruaig* being equivalent to a simple verb. See on v. 294. After this line the first four lines of the Lament are repeated. "The bards frequently conclude their episodes with a repetition of the first stanza" (Smith).

319. *i.e.*, even the masts seem to mourn in concert. This ascribing of a touch of feeling to inanimate nature is a common poetical device, but always effective.

PART II.

1-12, Paraphrase. 'The tales of old are as light and comfort to the bard amid conflict and trouble; but the joy is but tran-

sient, and gloom again succeeds.' Compare the opening lines of *Oina-morrul*, 'Like the light of heaven came the tale of departed heroes upon my soul in the darkness,' etc.

11. *Fhir-mhòir*, perhaps 'the battle of heroes ;' but Dr. Smith translates it as the name of a place.

15. "The Highlanders drank out of scallop-shells ; hence the 'putting round the shell' came to be the phrase for making merry" (Smith). Cf. *Gaul* 34, and see note on I. 137. In *Cath-loda* I. 261 Loda is represented as handing round the shell to all brave heroes.

17. Lit., 'a voice of wailing by turns came to our ears upon the wings of the breeze.' I have transferred *uair seach uair* as an epithet to *gaoithe*.

19. *Suil-mhaith*, 'good,' i.e., 'keen eye.'

24. Lit., 'without thought of rising.' *Luadh* is an object of mention, thought, or care ; hence it often means 'praise,' as in *Gaul* 230, *gun luadh*.

26. *Freagairt*, i.e., in sympathy with her cry.

29. *Cruit-chiuil*, 'instrument of song ;' Welsh, *crwth*, an ancient stringed instrument. Cf. *inneal-ciuil*, I. 112.

32. *Eug-* (or *eag-*) *samhuil*, 'unlike ;' hence either 'variable' or 'unequalled.' It also means 'mournful,' and such might be its sense here. Zeuss derives it from *co-smuil* (= *co-similis*), with the prefix *e*, i.e., *non-similis*.

35. In *Calhonn* and *Covala* 234 the ghost of Colmar appears, showing his wound ; that of Crugal (*Fingal* II. 18) has 'a cavernous wound in his breast.' Cf. Virgil, *Æneid* I. 355, where Sichæus appears to Dido, and 'lays bare his breast, pierced by the sword.'

36. Cf. I. 139. In *Cath-loda* II. 135 the shades of heroes are described as 'pursuing phantom boars of mist on the wings of winds.'

37. *Mor-ghlan*, 'great (and) bright,' i.e., 'illustrious (*clarus*). *Glan* is also Welsh for 'pure,' etc., as *Yspryd Glan*, 'the Holy Spirit ;' it is the English *clean*.

38. *Slia' ghlais*, perhaps *sliabh-glas*, 'grey mountain-land.'

39. For Morven, see as I. 50.

41. *Gun bhàigh*, properly 'cruel,' or 'relentless.' Cf. I. 194. Here it implies want of regard for his love, in leaving her at home all alone.

46. *Lè=leatha*, 'by her.'

50. "It was customary to place implements of the chase and war in the tomb with the bodies of the deceased ; both to denote the occupation they had in this world, and with a view to avail themselves of their service in the next. Hence pieces of spears,

arrowheads, etc., are found in barrows." In Virgil, *AEn.* vi. 132, at the funeral of Misenus, it is said—

'At pius *Aeneas* ingenti mole sepulcrum
Imponit, suaque armo viro, remumque tubamque,
Monte sub aërio.' (Smith).

Ossian (*Fingal* iv. 241) charges his son Oscar to lay in the grave his sword, bow, and deerhorn; and in *Temora* l. 376, Oscar's dying injunctions are—

'Cuir cabar an ruaidh rium féin,
Lann thana nam beum ri m' thaobh.'

56. After this line the first four are repeated. (See on l. 315). •

71. *Nach b' fhiù leam*, lit., 'who were of no value to me.'

73. Compare the language of Andromache to Hector (Homer, *Ili.* vi. 459)—

καὶ ποτὲ τις ἔισπησιν ἤδην κατὰ δάκον χίουσαν,
"Εκτορός ήδε γυνή, etc.

Also that of Tecmessa in Sophocles, *Ajax* l. 500—

καὶ τις πικρὸν πρόσφεγμα δισποτῶν ἔρει
λόγοις ιάπτων. "Ιδετε τὴν ὁμεινέτιν
"Αιαντος, ὃς μέγιστου ἵσχυσε στρατοῦ.

81. Or *Léana*, the name of a place.

85. *Conan* (as Dr. Armstrong says) was "the Thersites of the Fingalians," and is always mentioned with contempt. In *Fingal* vi. 399 he is termed '*Conan gun chliù*'; he there reproaches Cuchullin with cowardice, and demands his armour, for which Fingal rebukes him. In the *Manos* (one of the present collection) he is the hero of a ridiculous duel, in which he loses his ears; hence is called *maol*, i.e., 'cropped Conan.'

98. I have given what appears to be the sense of this line, but I was not sure as to the literal rendering. It has however been suggested to me that *da dhi* should be altered to *d'a dhìth*, and that the meaning is, 'I pledge my hand that he shall lose his head.' If so, the translation I offer will fairly represent the idea intended to be conveyed. At any rate, Smith's text as it stands is clearly wrong.

101. Lit., 'mournful and heavy were our songs for the chief.' "Among the ancient Highlanders funeral processions were accompanied with mournful songs. This custom is not quite extinct in Ireland" (Smith).

109. *Meall eigh*, 'a lump of ice.'

112. See on l. 29.

114. 'On his elbow,' omitted in the translation.

115. Dr. Smith prefers *ealaith* to the other reading, *filidh*. He observes that the singing of the swan before death is a very universal idea with the Greek and Latin, as well as the Celtic poets. He quotes a ditty called *Luinneag na h-ealaith*, composed in imitation of the swan's note, which is called *Guileag*. It begins thus—

Guileag i, guileag ð,
Sgeula mo dhunaigh,
Guileag i,
Rinn mo leire',
Guileag ð,
Mo chasan dubh,
Guileag i,
'S mi féin gle'-gheal.
Guileag ð, etc.

Tale of my mischance,
Hath wrought my pain.
My dark path.
Is white enough for me.

Here the word *guileag* is both the burden of the song, and also suggests *guil*, 'weeping'; the other lines are expressions of woe, not very closely connected. In the Story of Arion (Fasti. II. 109) Ovid introduces the simile—

'Flebilibus veluti numeris canentia dura
Trajectus penna tempora cantat olor.'

131. Lit., 'with no root in life but one to the two flowers,' etc.

132. Lit., 'Beauteous with *themselves* was their growth,' i.e., they knew their own beauty and were proud of it. For the meaning of *le*, with pronouns (*leam*, etc.), see on *Gaul* 407. *Leo féin* could also mean, 'by themselves,' i.e., 'all alone,' and then the line would mean, 'Beauteous, yet lonely, is their growth,' which is, I think, the way Dr. Smith takes it.

137. Or, 'my head,' etc. The flower and the maiden, the simile and the thing signified, are here blended in one.

144. "*Car tual* is an allusion to the Druidical custom of going round their circles and cairns. The *deis-iul*, or 'turning to the south' in the same course with the sun, was reckoned lucky; the reverse (or *car-tual*) unlucky" (Smith).

146. *Là bhràth*, 'day of burning,' i.e., the end of the world. Hence *gu bràth*, 'for ever.' Cf. the Latin hymn—

'Dies iræ dies illa solvet sæclum in favilla.'

152. *Tinn*, lit., 'sick.' Thus, *æger*, *vorw*, etc., are applied to

a disastrous state of affairs, especially political, as *ægra res-publica*, *νοσοῦστα πράγματα*, etc.

Leam is what in the Latin Grammar is called the *Dativus Ethicus*. It implies that the person takes an *interest* in the matter = 'to my mind,' or 'feelings.' Thus, in the sentence, 'Quid *mihi* Celsus agit,' *mihi* means 'Celsus in whom I am interested,' so in Greek *μοι* is similarly used.

156. *Chuir gu stad*, 'brought to a stand' (*ιστάνει*); a periphrasis for the simple verb. See on I. 86, 315.

158. 'Mourning,' i.e., for my absence. (See next line).

160. Lit., 'dearer were it for myself to go to death,' etc. For the sentiment, cf. *Gaul* 391 foll. Dr. Smith quotes an epitaph by Boetius Torquatus, of the eighth century, which ends thus—

'Ut thalami cumulique comes, nec (qy., *ne* or *neu*) morte revellar,
Et socios vitæ nectat uterque cinis.' (Cf. I. 167).

163. Lit., 'to my rending.' See on I. 2, 42.

169. These eight lines are omitted in Smith's translation.

170. *Fial*. See on I. 137.

172. *Gun athadh*, 'without shame,' or 'compunction,' i.e., 'do not hesitate.' Compare a similar use of *ne pudeat* in Virgil, *Georg.* I. 80—'Ne saturare fimo pingui pudeat sola,' etc., i.e., 'have no hesitation' about it.

175. 'Dearer,' i.e., than any other garment. The comparison is suggested by the mention of the shroud to be woven for her (in the preceding line).

190. *Gun ghean*, 'without mirth, i.e., 'joyless.' Cf. I. 146.

191. *Mise*, the bard, probably Ullin. (See Introduction, p. xxi.)

192. Compare I. 3. Here the first two lines are repeated. (See on I. 315.)

G A U L.

Tiomna Ghuill is the Testament or Last Act of Gaul.

The poem is generally known in English as the Death of Gaul. Dr. Smith observes that Gaul, the son of Morni, is much celebrated in Ossian's other poems. The chief notices of him are as follows:—In *Lathmon* Gaul is introduced in his first battle against Lathmon, a British chief, who had attacked Morven in Fingal's absence. With the aid of Ossian he took Lathmon prisoner, but saved his life. Hence a friendship arose between them; and Gaul, having followed the chief into his own land, fell in love with his daughter Oithona, but was soon compelled to leave her, in order to join Fingal in a new war. Meanwhile Dunromath of Uthal carried off Oithona, and Gaul on his return invaded his dominions to avenge the insult. Oithona, joining the battle contrary to Gaul's wish, was slain, and Gaul mourned her loss (Poem of *Oithona*). He afterwards obtained the command of the army against Swaran, but was nearly defeated, when Fingal came to the rescue, overcame Swaran, bound him, and gave him in charge to Ossian and Gaul (Fingal III., IV., V.) In *Temora* III. he again commands the army against the Irish, and performs deeds of renown, but is wounded during the battle. His name, with that of Fillan, son of Fingal, is selected for special praise in this Duan.

“ In poems of later date his warlike character is often alluded to. John Barbour, who wrote the life of Robert Bruce in 1375, compares his hero to Gaul the son of Morni—*Gow mac Morn*” (Smith). Barbour also speaks of Gaul fighting against Fingal. This is from a tradition that there was originally a feud between the tribes of these two chiefs, but that they afterwards became firm allies.

6. Dr. Smith quotes some lines from the fourth book of Lucretius which describe hounds pursuing the chase in dreams, as is shown by their gestures and the motion of their limbs—

“ Expergefactique sequuntur inania sœpe
Cervorum simulacra, fugæ quasi dedita cernant;
Donec discussis redeant erroribus ad se.”

9. *Luath* was a common name for a hound. Cf. I. 546. Fingal's hounds are called *Neart*, *Ciar*, and *Luath*—i.e., Strong, Brown, and Swift (Fingal VI. 341). *Luath* is also the name of Cuchullin's dog in Fingal II. 186.

10. *Dean a dhùsgadh*, instead of the simple verb (*Dargo* I. 86). Thus we might say, *Ni mi do cheann a bhriseadh*, 'I will break your head' (Munro's *G. Gram.*, p. 138).

14. Lit., 'morning nor (its) light.'

21. Compare address to the sun in *Carthon*, 'when thou tremblest in the west *at thy dusky doors* in the ocean' (Macpherson).

23 foll. Two reasons are given why the sun should 'spare his rays:' first, lest he should be deserted by them (as Ossian had been by his friends) if he spent them too lavishly; secondly, because they were but wasted upon the world, now that no *heroes* were left to enjoy them.

27. *Cona* is celebrated in connection with Ossian, who is often called 'the voice of Cona.' It is identified with Glencoe, and thus Dr. Clerk's derivation from *comh-amhuinn*, 'confluence of streams' (cf. I. 45), is a probable one, since that glen is noted for the number of small rills that meet there. The other derivation, from *caoidh*, 'wailing,' may also refer to the murmur of the waters (cf. *Sruthan bròin* in *Dargo* I. 205), but is very likely a modern one suggested by the Glencoe massacre of 1692.

30. Here and elsewhere (as in I. 60) *air* should probably be *iar*, which denotes a *past* action. *Air*, 'upon,' ought to signify an action still going on, as *air tréigsinn*, 'forsaking'; but *iar tréigsinn*, 'having forsaken.' *Iar* is 'behind,' *i.e.*, 'after,' like the Welsh *wedi*, as in *wedi bod*, 'having been' (see on *Dargo* I. 2); but I have not altered it in the text.

34. *Selma* (*Scalla-math*), 'a beautiful view;' *Taura* (perhaps *Tigh air eirthir*), 'house on the sea-coast;' *Temora* (*Tigh mòr rìgh*), 'royal palace' (Smith). For the last word Dr. Clerk suggests *teamhair*, 'pleasant,' or *teamhra-rath*, 'pleasant fort,' modernised in Irish into *Tara*. In the preface to M'Callum's collection it is remarked that Selma was in the district of Argyle called Upper Lorn, upon an eminence near the sea, about half-way between the mouths of Lochs Etive and Creran. Between the two hills stood Beregonium, once the capital of the Highlands. Selma is said to have been destroyed in Fingal's time by fire or lightning. With the desolation of Selma compare that of Morni in *Carthon* 165 foll.

55. See note on *beum-sgéithe*, *Dargo* I. 22; and cf. *Temora* IV. 399, 'Copan caismeachd a sgéithe, Aite còmhnuidh guth ciar nam blàr,' 'the warning boss, wherein dwelt the dark voice of war.'

60. For *air* see on I. 30.

64. Cf. Virg., *AEn.* I. 490, 'lunatis agmina peltis'; also the old English ballad of Agilthorn, 'his *moony* shield.'

65. *Goll* (Gaul), 'a stranger.' See on *Fionn-ghael*, *Dargo*, I.

269. The term *Gall* is now applied to the Lowlanders, but *Gael* has really the same meaning, and originated from the fact that the Celts were the first Aryan tribe who passed into Europe, and gave the name to Gaul, which was one of their principal settlements. In like manner the Germans applied the term *Wälsch* (Welsh) to all who did not speak their language, in contradistinction to their own name, *Theodisc* (from *Theod*, 'people'), whence came *Teuton* and *Deutsch*. We have the word in 'wal-nut' (*gall-cnù*), lit., 'foreign nut.'

66. *Oscar*, perhaps from *oscarra*, 'fierce.' He was the son of Ossian, and grandson of Fingal. His exploits in company with Gaul are told in *Fingal* IV. 217 foll. His last battle was with Cairbar in Ireland, in which he and Cairbar fell by mutual wounds (*Temora*, Duan 1). To this l. 68 alludes.

70. *Malvina* (*mala-mìn*, 'smooth brow') was the daughter of Toscar, and Oscar's betrothed. After his death she became the solace of Ossian's old age and the inspirer of his song. Cf. *Cath-loda* I. 8, 'Mhalmhina nan teud, thig gu d' bhàrd, Till anam do bhaird air ais,' etc. Dr. Smith cites her lament for Oscar in *Croma*.

73. Cf. *Dargo* II. 44.

88. i.e. (As Dr. Smith paraphrases it), "The water of Strumon rolled its flood, and who could cross its mighty tide?" In *Temora* III. 415, Carhon's flight is impeded by a mountain stream which he could not cross.

89. *I-fredine*. The derivation is uncertain. Dr. Smith quotes some old lines, which describe it as a land full of horrors, such as were attributed to the Celtic hell. This was called *Ifrinn*, said to be from *I-fhuar-inn* (*fhounn*), 'the cold land,' but apparently a mere variation of *infernus*. The name *I-fredine* may have been influenced by such an association, as the inhabitants were always noted for their savage and inhospitable ways. Smith observes that there is still a valley near the Clyde called *Glen-freoin*, and that the people of this region were hostile to Morven. *I* or *Innis* is a 'headland' as well as 'an island' (as in *Craig-insk*, etc.), and also 'a pasture.'

98. In *Goluandona* 9 the maiden is described as having 'a hand white as the foam upon tumbling waters.' In *Fingal* III. 48 Starno says of his daughter, 'Cho geal a ruighe 's an cobhar air druin a' chuain.'

100. *Crònan*; hence to 'croon,' or sing a lullaby.

102. *Aoibhir-chaomh*, 'pleasant and soft face.' She was "the spouse of Gaul, and daughter of Casduconglas" (Smith). See l. 341 foll., *Temora* III. Dr. Clerk observes that *aoibhir* is a common prefix to female names, followed by some epithet, as *aluinn*, etc.

106. *Morna*, probably from *mùirn*, 'hospitality.' It occurs as a feminine name (Morna, daughter of Cormac) in *Fingal* I.

107. Compare the parting of Hector and Andromache in Homer, Il. vi. 495—*ἄλοχος δὲ φίλη οἰκόνδε βεβήκει ιντροπαλιζούμενη*.

108. *Stru-mhon* = *sruth-monadh*, 'moor of streams.' Cf. l. 241, 'monadh nan sruth.'

117. Lit., 'this separated ('put apart,' see on *Dargo* I. 86) the hero from us.'

118. 'S e siubhal, 'and he travelling.' See on *Dargo* I. 2.

123. In *Fingal* III. 396 foll., Ossian contrasts his youthful might with the weakness of age, 'Bha Oisean mar charragh's a' chòmhraig,' etc. "Ossian like a rock came down. I exulted in the strength of the king. Many were the deaths of mine arm, dismal the gleam of my sword. My locks were not then so gray, nor trembled my hand with age" (Macpherson). See also the opening lines of *Calhon and Corala*, preceding the account of Ossian's fight with Dunalmo.

132. *Sruathan nan ioma-ghaoth*, lit., 'streams of the whirlwinds.' The genitive often marks a definition or description, where we should use an epithet or some equivalent phrase. Nearly all such instances may be ranked under the idea of *possession*, as here—'the streams *belonging* to the whirlwinds,' i.e., 'over which they have sway.' Cf. *lorg aosda* (124), 'staff of age,' = 'old man's staff,' and such common expressions as *mae mo chridhe*, *mo ghaoil*, etc., for 'beloved son,' etc.

133. *Giuthas Chaothain*, i.e., any pine; but 'Cona' is added, partly because of its connection with Ossian, and partly from the poetical usage which particularises a general description by the addition of a local epithet. Thus we have in *Dargo* I. 133 (variant reading), 'Cona's vale'; ib. 163, 'Lanno's wave'; 258, 'oak of Malmor'; II. 110, 'Mora's plain'; *Gaul* 305, 'Ulla's rock.' Virgil is very fond of this device, e.g., Ecl. I. 55, *Hyblaen apibus*; IX. 30, *Cyrnaeas taxos*; *Georg.* I. 120, *Strymonice grues*; *Æn.* v. 306, *Gnosia spicula*, etc.; sometimes even when the locality is inappropriate, as in *Georg.* III. 345, where a 'Spartan hound and a Cretan quiver' are given to an African herdsman.

134. Compare Malvina's simile in *Croma*, 24—'I was a fair tree with fragrant branches,' etc.

137. Cf. *Darthula*, 31, "Where have ye been, ye southern winds, when the sons of my love were deceived? But ye have been sporting on the plains, pursuing the thistle's beard." (Macpherson). The original of this form of complaint is in Theocritus, Idyll I. 66, *πᾶ ποκ' ἄρε τὸ δάφνις ιτάκειτο, πᾶ*

πονα, Νύμφαι; imitated by Virgil, Ecl. x. 9, 'Quæ nemora aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ?' and by Milton, *Lycidas* 50—

'Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved *Lycidas*?'

138. *Foill*. See note on *Dargo* I. 111.

144. Lit., 'with the desire of our detention.' See on *Dargo* I. 42.

145. So Fingal *Carriothura* 299) sends his sword through the spectre-form of Loda. See on *Dargo* I. 59.

147. Lit., 'in their mention.' For *luadh*, see *Dargo* II. 24.

150. Dr. Smith quotes from Hesiod, *Opera et Dies* 446, where 'the crane's plaintive cry' is said to prognosticate a storm. Here, however, it is merely introduced by way of simile, not as a portent.

IOM-CHEIST GHUIL. *Iom-cheist* (or *im-cheist*) is literally, 'much questioning,' or 'questioning around,' hence 'anxiety.' *Ioma*, 'many,' has also the sense of 'round about,' as in *iomaghaoth*, and of 'complete,' as *iom-làn* (*slàn*), 'quite sound.' Compare the Greek *τις*, in *περιπολλήσ*, 'very fair,' etc., and the Latin *per*, in *pergratus*, *permagnus*, etc.

159. If heroes died without the song of bards, they were denied admission to the state of bliss. In *Temora* III. 185 foll., the bards are forbidden to raise the song over the foes of Cairbar, whose consequent destiny would be to wander beside the Lake of Lego, since, 'without the song they shall not rise to the halls of winds.' In I. 430 of the same Duan, Connal will not leave his father's tomb until a bard appears to give him his fame; and, in Duan I., Cairbar is refused the song, and therefore dwells in darkness, till Ossian (II. 471) generously orders the bards to praise him. In Duan v., Foldath desires that Fingal may die unhonoured, and that for him 'no death-song may arise, but that his ghost may wander in gloom in the mist which surrounds the reedy pool.' One marked exception to this general feeling occurs in *Fingal* vi. 245 foll., where the chief, moralising upon the vanity of human greatness, exclaims—'Our names shall not dwell in the music of songs, but we heed not their praise when we lie nerveless beneath the knoll.' That this is only a passing thought is shown in the very next line, where he bids the bards celebrate the memory of fallen warriors, and of the days that are no more.

165. The allusion is to *Fingal* iv. 193 foll., where Fingal urges his sons to imitate the heroism of Gaul. Also in *Temora*



III. 76, after Gaul had been entrusted with the command, comes the twice repeated injunction—

‘Fhillein, seallsa air an triath !’

166. Morni was now dead (see l. 415 foll.) He is mentioned as a very old man at the time of Gaul's first battle in *Lathmon*.

182. *Og' uill*, ‘young Gaul,’ Gaul's infant son. Being a child, he had not yet earned a distinctive name.

186. Lathmon was the son of Nuath. The occasion is the one already referred to. (See Introduction to *Gaul*.)

194. *Lann athar*. There seems to be an oversight here, possibly the result of varying editions. In l. 153 Gaul complains that he has no sword.

198. *Eoin na h-ealtainn*, ‘birds of flocks,’ i.e., ‘flocking birds.’ See note on the Gaelic genitive, l. 132.

199. *Nach fac*, a common poetical form of introducing a simile, like the Greek *οὐχ ὁράεις*; (Hesiod), and the Latin *Nonne rides?* (Virgil). There is a variant reading of the simile (which I have not preserved), substantially the same with that in the text, which begins, ‘Mar thonn gailbheach geal Ri slios muice móire,’ etc.

211. Dr. Clerk, in one of his notes on Ossian, observes that *corran* is an old word for some kind of arrow.

212. *Màigh*. So in heraldry the ‘field’ is the surface of the shield on which the devices are drawn.

217. “Pillars of stone were frequently erected by the conquerors in the field of battle. Many of these obelisks are still to be seen” (Smith). The process is described in *Golnandona* 36 foll.—“I chose a stone from Crona's brook—beneath it I placed at intervals three bosses from the shields of foes—Toscar laid in the earth a shield and a dark blue mail of hard steel. We heaped up the mould around the stone, to tell our fame to the ages.” In *Temora* vii. 397 foll., Fingal, after resigning his spear to Ossian, erects a stone “to speak to future times,” and buries underneath a sword and a boss from his shield.

220. Lit., ‘and he in solitude.’ See on *Dargo* l. 2.

229. Cf. *Carriethura* 298 (fight with the spirit of Loda)—

‘Ghabh Fionnghal 'n a aghaidh le colg,
A chlaidheamh glan gorm 'n a láimh,
Mac an Luinn, bu chiar-dhubh gruaidh.’

The name, ‘son of Luno,’ came from the Scandinavian smith, Luno, referred to on *Dargo* l. 189, *q.v.* Dr. Clerk compares King Arthur's *Excalibur*; and says that the name, *Loinn mac*

liobhaidh, 'son of polishing' (*liobhaidh=levis*) is perhaps Celtic for Vœlund, or Wayland Smith, the mythic discoverer of iron among the northern nations. However this may be, the legends of Luno and Vœlund have much in common, *e.g.*, the Swedish king, Niduth, carries off Vœlund and forces him to work for himself and his people, and though the smith forges many excellent swords, there is one which surpasses all the rest. This is the older account, as given in the *Vœlundar-quida*, but in the more modern *Wilkina-saga* (13th or 14th century) Vœlund hides the real sword, and puts off the king with an inferior one.

231. 'Se mosgladh. See on *Dargo* I. 2.
 241. *Monadh nan sruth*. See on I. 108.
 252. *Mac-talla*, 'son of the hall,' or 'of the rock.' (See *Dargo* I. 90.)

259. *Gu d' ghreasad*, lit., 'to thy hastening,' like '*n ar còmhdaill*, '*n ar coinneamh*, *Dargo* I. 27, 31.

272. Dr. Clerk gives three possible derivations of *Cromlech*, of which he prefers the first—1. Circle of stones (*crom-leac*); 2. stone of bowing (worshipping), from *cròm*, 'to bend'; 3. a bent flagstone, from the adjective, *cròm*. In *Carrichura* 213, we have the *Cròm Chruth-Loduian*, 'circle of the Form of Loda.'

276. Lit., 'takes to motion,' instead of a simple verb. See on *Dargo* I. 86.

291. For the idea or ghosts pursuing their avocations, as on earth, see Introduction, and cf. *Dargo* I. 59, 139.

297. Compare a passage in Shelley's poem, 'The Cloud'—

'The stars peep behind her [the moon] and peer;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,' etc.

304. *Gun fhios*, or 'unperceived'; lit., 'without knowledge.'

305. *Ulacha*, possibly from *ula*, 'long grass' (*Dargo* I. 332).

307. Dr. Smith cites Thomson, *Spring* 973—

" Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young."

316. *Dean innse*. See on *Dargo* I. 86.

317. "Barbari hi (Celtæ) contendunt et esse deos . . . et presignificare futura, magna ex parte per in somnia et stellas" (Ælian II. 31, quoted by Smith).

338. For the character of the inhabitants of I-frona, see on I. 89.

340. *Cuimhne*, altered from *cumhainn*, for reason given on *Dargo* I. 96.

344. *Cri-soluis*, 'heart of light' (l. 355). This introduction of the name of the heroine of the tale in a parenthesis, as a kind of afterthought, is very awkward. It is prosaic in the Gaelic, and cannot be made otherwise in a translation. The variant reading 'chaidh ar curach,' etc., seems to be almost required in the text; it might even be substituted for the present line, since the presence of Crisollis is clearly marked in l. 349.

348. Lit., 'made no tasting (*Dargo* I. 86), though he plucked them.' Cf. l. 307.

353. *Curach*. See on *Dargo* I. 193.

362. *I-dronlo*, perhaps 'isle of the dull (heavy) water.' *Tromlo* occurs in *Croma* 130; and *lo* is Irish for *tighe*, 'water.' *Sar-dronlo* is a Scandinavian isle in *Oinnamorul*, of which Tormod was king.

363. *Syeula mo ghráidh*, lit., 'tale of my love.' See on l. 132.

373. For *geug*, 'a maiden,' see on *Dargo* I. 163. In *Caricthura* 334 Covala is called '*geug nan rosg mall*'

378. 'Without children of his own, and, therefore, wanting in a father's tenderness.

380. "Humming the song of the cruel" (Smith's paraphrase).

382. *i.e.*, 'my strength is dried up like a stream in summer.'

393. Compare the words of Crimina, *Dargo* II. 167.

400. Lit., 'Ogal's voice, and *he* wretched without comfort.' See on *Dargo* I. 2.

407. Lit., '(It is) to me (*i.e.*, I feel) that thy heart is beating.' *Is leam*, *leat*, etc., with adjectives, = 'I think so and so ;' as *is mór leam e*, 'I think it a great deal ;' *is tagh leam e*, 'I like it,' etc., etc. See on *Dargo* II. 152.

414. *Mar neul*, *i.e.*, the mist which the sun dispels.

415. *Mise*, *i.e.*, Ossian. Cf. *Dargo* II. 191.

420. 'Streams of age,' *i.e.*, 'each furrow in his aged face was wet with tears.'

430. *A cheum*, the path indicated by the direction of his flight.

435. "The *cnap-starra* was a ball of brass fastened to the lower end of the spear, in order to terrify the enemy with the noise of it when shaken" (Smith, from Dion Cassius).

439. I have used the word 'hardly' in its old sense of 'with difficulty; Lat., *vix*, *ægre* Cf. *Acts* xxvii. 8, "And *hardly* passing it," etc.

451. *Aoibhir-áluinn*, 'pleasant (and) fair.' See on l. 102. The story of Ossian's wooing of her at the court of her father Branno, king of Lego, is told in *Fingal* IV. 16 foll.

454. *Còs-shruth*. See note on *Cona*, l. 27.

456. *Cruit-chiuil*. See on *Dargo* II. 29.

464. *Cos-ullamh*, 'ready,' or 'nimble foot,' name of a hound.

468. *Mae na h-éilde*. See on *Dargo* I. 90.

474. 'Ooze,' lit., 'milk of the rock.'

478. From *sranna* comes *sranna-ghaoth*, 'whirlwind' (*Dargo* I. 77). The word is formed from the sound, like the 'scrannel pipes' in Milton's *Lycidas* 124.

487. *Ceò*, 'mist,' i.e., 'bewilderment,' 'anxiety' (*Dargo* I. 156). When Fingal is distressed in the fight, he will no longer be able to expect Gaul's aid.

488. Distinguish *àir*, genitive of *ár*, from *air*, 'upon.'

492. *Ad chomhdhail*, 'to thy meeting.' Cf. *Dargo* 27, 31, 42, 99.

496. So, in *Temora* I. 361, the dogs Bran and Luath mourn Oscar's death—'Bha Bran a' donnalaich r' a thaobh Luath gruamach nan raon fo bhròn.'

498. Lit., 'it is not worth while for them to see,' etc. See *Dargo* II. 71.

499. *Lù-choin* is singular, but the plural pronoun *sibh* shows that more than one is intended. So Virgil, *Aen.* ix. 525, begins an address to the Muses, 'Vos O Calliope,' taking her to represent all the rest.

502. Cf. *Dargo* I. 304, 311, 'Cha dean éighe còmhraig a dhùsgadh.'

506. *Daol*, 'the beetle,' as it flies round, is supposed to hum the song of triumph over the fallen hero (Smith's paraphrase).

516. The two similes of the eagle's flight and of the whirlwind are combined by the latter being supposed to blow under the eagle's wings.

523. Cf. 'Ulainn nan teud,' *Dargo* I. 87; 'Mhalmhina nan teud,' *Cath-loda* I. 8.

525. For the meaning of *innis* see on I. 89.

546. *Lù-chon*. See note on I. 9. The other reading, *righ na Strumhoin* is perhaps to be preferred.







